Rev. WM. BOOTH, General. D. M. REES, Commissioner.

The War Cry

The All Round the World Salvation Army Chariot Rolls Registered June 1885

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY, CANADA.

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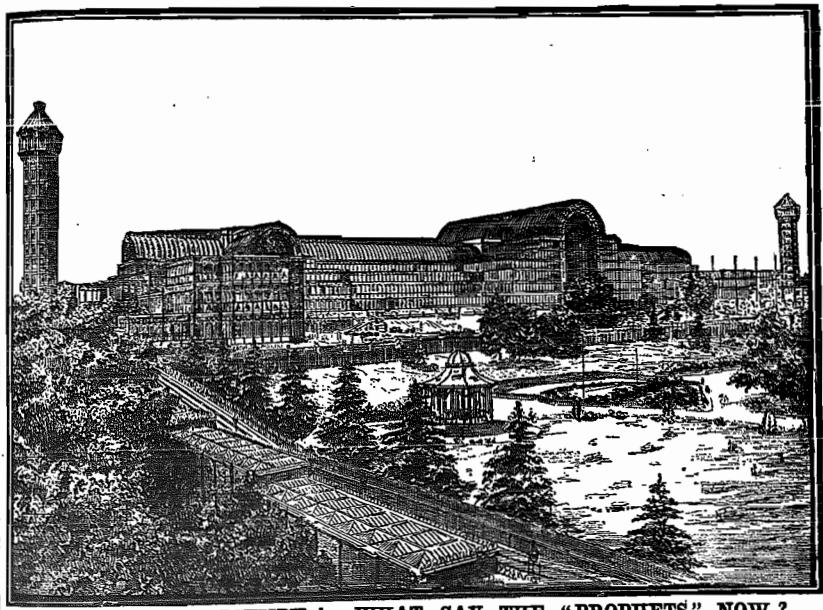

OUR BIGGEST TRIUMPH!—WHAT SAY THE "PROPHETS" NOW?

RAIN OR SHINE, THE ARMY MARCHES ONWARD!

"GO FORWARD"

THE GENERAL'S C. P. ADDRESS.

I need not say how much I wish for the power to express to you the gratitude that fills my heart for the kindly expressions of affection and of continued confidence with which you have received me on this, the morning of the celebration of our twenty-sixth birthday. (Loud applause.)

I need not say, either, how I, with all my heart, regard all these expressions of esteem with which you have been pleased to favor me as being paid to me as representing the Salvation Army and the mighty work which God has enabled us, during those twenty-six years, to accomplish.

When my mind and heart go back this morning to that hour, twenty-six years ago, when I took my stand, led, I believe, by His Spirit, inspired by an affection for my fellow-man, believing that the great help, the great remedy for the world's miseries could only be found in the removal of its sins by the power of the Holy Ghost, through the precious blood of Jesus, and see what a marvellous outgrowth there has been—how this doctrine, this truth, the great principles which I then set myself to inculcate into the hearts of the poor and ready, have been written, as it were, on the very skies all round the world—I say my soul this morning is filled with gratitude and praise to God. (Tremendous volley.)

What has God wrought? I need not occupy your time here; you soldiers know it well, and everybody who does not can readily know it; and every man who cares about the welfare of mankind, who wants to help humanity from purely humanitarian motives, and who would like to raise the people out of their poverty, out of their destitution, out of their habits of vice and crime which bind them, who would like to lift them as it were from the very verge—nay, from damnation here and hereafter—let him study the statistics, the progress, the results of these twenty-six years' bold and fearless proclamation of the rights of the Lord Jesus Christ, and this honest effort, made largely by the poorest and the meanest, judged from the human standpoint, and then see what might be done if we could only rouse up and raise up and perfect that mighty army of warriors which we hope—nay, many of us believe earnestly, God Almighty is going to have. (Volleys.) I believe God will yet come nearer to mankind. (Cries of "Yes.") God is going to save the world; He is going to bless it; and He will do it by the power of His own grace and through the sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the Cross.

My comrades, what has been done in this Army has been done by fighting, by hard work, by aggression—as it were, by force. It has done something towards making men come and listen to the sound of the Gospel, to know the truth, to come and stand before the Cross, to look into the jaws of damnation, to pass through the golden gates into the glorious heaven which God in His wisdom and mercy and love has provided for us. If we are to succeed we must travel on the same lines. We must preach in every village, every town, every country, every nationality, the old message that "Christ died for sinners," the old truth that God Almighty loves mankind, the old fact that sin means misery and damnation, the old truth that the only way to be delivered from misery is to be delivered from evil, and the only way of deliverance from evil is by the Almighty power of the living God.

My comrades, we are to go forward! Ten thousand, thousand voices from earth say, "Go forward!" From every land the cry comes from the lost and fallen, "Go forward!" From the damned souls in the bottomless pit, the cry is, "Go forward!" And from the heights of heaven, from each glorified spirit of our beloved ones who have escaped away to that happy land, the cry comes to us this morning, "Go forward!"

My comrades, our own hearts say, "Go forward!" The Twenty-sixth Anniversary says, "Go forward!" From every corner of the Palace grounds the cry comes, "Go forward!" Every man and woman here who mean to go forward in the strength of God, through the blood of Jesus Christ, say Amen! (A heaven-reaching volley was fired.)

The General says, "Go forward!" (Tremendous cries of "We will!") I am going away a little distance, but only to help the work of God forward. While I am away, every man and woman must be a General in his and her own heart, and cry, "Go forward!" God bless you ten thousand, thousand times!

When the mighty outburst of amens had ceased, all joined (with the aid of bands and organ) in ascribing "Praise to God from Whom all blessings flow."

The Great Crystal Palace Anniversary.

ALL ABOUT IT.

THE GENERAL'S RECEPTION.

His Appearance on the Great Orchestra Greeted with Ten Thousand Shouts of

"GOD BLESS HIM!"

Blue sky, fresh wind, sunshine not too bright, but just shining enough—all atmospheric conditions combined so at 8:30 a.m., to make the Palace grounds delightful, that one could have wished the open-air reception given the General two years ago was to be repeated. The rush had not begun. The long stretch of the Central Path to the main entrance seemed quite solitary. Scattered bands boomed in the distant approaches. The omnipresent Trade representatives were mustering supplies of S's and shields which seemed as if they would never be used up. But the nine o'clock rush into all entrances and all spaces could only have been foreseen by the eye of faith.

Just in front of the Palace, at the right, the foreign troops were mustering promptly at 8:45, making a gay show of Indian reds and buffs, American stars and stripes, yellow Belgian sashes with a mild display of various Continental costume.

Conspicuous on their muster-ground was the tall figure of the new Foreign Secretary, standing at ease in the familiar flowing robes which sit on him so much more naturally than the strait black garb of an English Commissioner, while various small prayer meetings seemed to be in progress before one and another tent.

It was very interesting. But the "Cry" representative, mindful of past experiences, and convinced that to reach the Indian Courts in time for the Staff muster would demand not only all her time, but all her woman's wit, pressed steadily forward. On across the nearly vacant Central Transept, only waiting for a look at the slowly-filling Orchestra, up which small bands of soldiers were climbing, she made her way, under an enormous canvas, labelled Trade Exhibition, till she saw an intelligent-looking officer with two stars on each other, indicating his duty to be in the staff muster.

"Straight on down here," he said, in response to a meek inquiry for the Indian Courts, pointing toward a flag-hung, souvenir-stall-crowded labyrinth. The trouble was he was *too* intelligent! The way which looked so straight to him was most complex to her. However, she plunged into the labyrinth, and charged at a Palace official.

"Right opposite!" he responded, pointing in a direction at right angles from that indicated by the intelligent officer.

The presswoman next attacked a policeman, who had no views on the matter.

Another Palace official opined that there were no Indian Courts—"only Egyptian."

A soldier was sure his Captain, from some obscure place in the North of England, would know. But the Captain didn't. Being a man of expedients, however, he suggested that the best thing to do would be to find a Major and follow him.

Just at this juncture, however, the "Cry" correspondent spied two red Commissioner's caps close together. Beyond, through an open door, she caught a glimpse of a patch of greensward, Mrs. Commissioner Carleton, with a knot of green ribbon in her button-hole, and Colonel Nicol.

Evidently, the Mustering Ground was reached, and she slipped through the doors just as they were banged by an officer who had little sympathy for belated reporters with a genius for losing their way.

On the whole the British Staff came to time very promptly. At nine to the minute, Commissioner Carleton began to form them up.

"Brigadiers and Colonels, this way!" "Staff-Captains and their wives," &c.

And they fell into place, some of the women indulging in small snatches of visiting from rank to rank, but, for the most part, showing very good discipline.

As Colonel Nicol rushed up and down the line, assisting the Commissioner, our representative noticed that he sported a pair of eyeglasses—his first. The Colonel says he has needed them for six months past, and that he is "in a new world" by their aid.

Commissioner Railton's red braid and brass S's also struck her eye. The Commissioner says Germany is too poor to furnish forth silver accoutrements for her Staff-Officers' collars, and further that he conforms to the military regulations of his country by wearing his badges of rank on the shoulder.

At about 9:15, the Foreign Contingent, marshalled by Commissioner Booth-Tucker, came singing up a green slope and took their places behind the British Staff, leaving a space in the middle for the General and escort.

One or two false alarms, and the Marshals tore down the line, crying, "Dress up! Half turn!"

The long line faced to the right, the closed doors swung open, and the General passed swiftly down the British ranks to his place in the centre of the line, preceded by the Household Troops' and Home Office Bands. He was accompanied by the Chief-of-Staff, the Commandant, the Field Commissioner, and Colonel Emmy Booth. Then the procession passed slowly into the Great Transept of the Palace, along a line of march marked out for it by motionless officers and cadets, holding pennants of varied colors. The crowd pressing behind them thickened and thickened, till, reaching the Central Transept, the dark mass which filled its seat, and standing places, and arched up the great Orchestra, told how busy the last half hour had been for the gatemen. This was our representative's fourth anniversary experience, but she has not yet done wondering how so many people are got together at so early an hour.

The procession having crossed the Transept, swerved round by a private way, and proceeded to fill the lower seats of the Orchestra. Rapid orders in most languages fell from the lips of one and another leader, and in a surprisingly short space of time all the occupants of the Orchestra and a very great number of the soldiers and friends below broke into

"Jesus, the name high over all!"

This service was, of necessity, extremely brief. Commissioner Railton prayed, making special mention of the Kaiser—the ruler of his adopted country—and of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, who was lying at death's door, and for whom the special prayers of the Army on this day had been requested.

The General's address was delivered with great difficulty, on account of the ceaseless incoming and the gay music of the fresh bands who were constantly arriving in the grounds. The verbatim report of it on our front page will therefore be of double interest.

THE MARCH PAST.

"At half-past four *promptly*, on the booming of the cannon, the entire forces of all ranks, with bands, will make their way, under command of their officers, to the mustering ground as marked on the plan, where they will fall into their positions according to their batallions and brigades as indicated by the sign-posts erected for their guidance."

Thus ran the Commandant's instructions as set forth in the "Order of the Day" for our Twenty-sixth Review at the Crystal Palace, July 7th, 1891.

July 7th, 4.30 p.m. Boom, boom, boom! Patter, patter, patter! Drip, drip, drip! Regular downpour, leaden skies, soaking grass, walks all in a swim; been at it for an hour, and no sign of clearing so far.

Boom, boom, boom! There was a decisive ring about it this time, which seemed to say with cruel emphasis, "The entire forces of all ranks, while the patter, patter, patter of the rain resolved itself into a merry little chorus, which sang with a rather satirical cheerfulness,

"To the mustering ground, to the mustering ground!"

In the dubious shelter of wet tents, in cozy corners beneath big palms and waving ferns, in *tete-a-tetes* in all kinds of odd (but dry!) corners, yellow and pink "Orders" were drawn forth, and a careful and thorough, if a somewhat leisurely survey, was made of the plan of the grounds. One thing was sure, no matter where one might be, or how convenient to one's batallion, there wasn't the faintest chance of getting there without a thorough ducking, not to speak of the time which would necessarily have to be spent in standing round waiting for the march to form. But it never seemed to occur to any of these waiting soldiers that there would be no March-Past if the watering element continued to unload. Oh, no, there were lingering looks cast at dry nooks about to be vacated, a universal turning up of trousers on the masculine side, and a tucking up of skirts on the feminine, rueful allusions to "my new bonnet," doubtful quotations from the WAR CRY to the effect that "Headquarters' stuff won't shrink," and then a general plunge into the cold and dampness outside.

Of all vile conglomerations the soil upon which the Crystal Palace rears its noble edifice, is a little the worst of any it has ever been the lot of the WAR CRY reporter to encounter and do battle with. In this opinion he is well backed up by representatives from all over the kingdom. Those who had to tread the innocent-looking green slopes soon found that their safest plan was to do a slide, and hope, often vainly, that fate would guide your useless feet in the direction of a friendly sapling, or some solid substance, which would prevent your total collapse at the foot. Wicked little orange streams gurgled down the paths, and alas, and alas! for the garment which became saturated therewith—well, the owner certainly took away with him or her a lasting memento of the C.P.

To the honor of our auxiliary force be it said they were not much behind our regulars in enterprise, but were to be seen wading, somewhat solemnly, to be sure, but none the less surely, towards the grand stand. This had been gaily, but temporarily, painted red, yellow, blue, and white for the occasion. The tall posts here resolved themselves into another snare for the unwary, and one immaculate black coat took away with it a specimen of every color on the stand.

Meanwhile a grand council of war was being held by the chief officers of the Army. They were grave, as befitted their positions. Murmurs of "rheumatism, neuralgia, death," went back and forth among them. They were discussing the March-Past. Was it or was it not to be? There was much said for and against, and finally someone cut the Gordian knot by suggesting that, as there were thousands at that present moment standing wet at their several posts, the safest and best thing to do was to warm them up by a march. This was carried unanimously, and, lo, and behold! a little rift of blue sky, which had been smiling deceitfully for an hour or more among the black clouds, and lured many a score to a cold shower-bath, suddenly expanded as if by magic, and a flood of sunshine came laughing down into our midst, as if to say, "It's only a joke after all, this rain, we merely wanted to see what you'd do!"

There was a general perking up and pluming of wet garments, a rush for the mustering ground, and a steady making for the grand stand. Our comrades assembled here found that their watery trials had only begun, because, as soon as the fountains began to play, the wind, which had risen, carried the spray splash-dash all over the stand. The wonderful precision of the bands at the festival, upon which so much comment has been made, was nothing to the precision which converted that stand into one huge umbrella show!

In a short space of time the march was in progress, and winding its long, glittering course in and out among the fresh foliage and by the calm lake, where the fountains had happily ceased to play.

The Juniors, headed by Major Keetch on horse-back, were the first to salute The General, which they did with hearty volleys, beginning as soon as the grand stand hove in sight. Then followed the British Staff, and the Garrisons.

We have come to the conclusion that it is not really possible to describe a march-past—anyway, not *this* particular March-Past. Last year we thought it perfection, superb in every detail, and were also devoutly thankful we hadn't to report it, because we were convinced we hadn't words at our command wherewith to put it before a critical public in its true light! Surely our position this year is one which calls for sympathy, and demands mercy at your hands, ye corps from the great—somewhere, whose brand-new banner was not even mentioned! It would take at least three people to report this march, there was so much to be seen and so much that was worthy of note.

Of course, the Farm Colony came in for a great deal of notice. Staff-Capt. Broughton, perched high in a cart which looked like a miniature grass-grown hill, was smiling triumphant as he stood there, surrounded by all kinds of garden produce. An enormous thistle towered beside him (we *had* thought it an artichoke, till someone undeceived us), we suppose to give people an idea of the work required on the farm. Certainly, if it were a specimen of Hadleigh weed "no lazy need apply!"

On another cart a man was vigorously planing away and making the shavings fly. This individual was most anxious to let The General see that something could been done for him, and that he could work as well as any.

Then there were the farm laborers, and a representative group of first settlers for the Farm Colony, the men from the different city shelters, the sandwich men, &c.

There was the Red Maria, followed by a contingent of ex-prisoners, under Colonel Barker.

The women's social work, under Mrs. Bramwell, comprised laundresses, bookbinders, knitting machine workers, &c. A deputation of girls from the match factory rode in state by themselves.

A brigade of ex-prisoners for Jesus Christ headed the F. battalion. These, arrayed in prison garb, hailed from Whitchurch, Eastbourne, Torquay, Sutton, &c., and were led on by Col. Lawley, on horseback, who caused much amusement by pretending to eat skilly with a huge wooden spoon!

The Liverpool Rescue Brigade were driven along in a lifeboat on wheels. The crew were ready for action in [illegible] life-belts, and one was kept [illegible] water.

The County Corps Brigade was represented by a tent, which an officer was in the act of putting up in the most [illegible] style, only stopping to mop the [illegible] perspiration from his manly brow.

The foreigners in their uniforms [illegible] by, looking like a bevy of tropical butterflies. Among this group we discerned [illegible] Percy Clibborn, from Belgium, and [illegible] Whatmore decorated with the Indian green.

Ireland was resplendent in their verdant sashes, Scotland in plaid, the women officers wearing scarlet Tam o'Shanters; Wales was conspicuous in tall beaver hats and national costume. As for England, it was the background to it all. We don't share the feelings of a certain Junior who wailed to us that she was sorry she was English, "It's so commonplace to be English."

Take all these wonderful sights, intersperse them among the different divisions, with their fine bands heading the different corps, banners waving, [illegible] flying, triumphant music, borne far [illegible] upon the evening breeze, and you have a sight which is easier to imagine than to describe.

For an hour or so it wound past the grand stand, and volley after volley [illegible] fired as The General was caught sight of. Many and many a soldier braved the dangers of damp and cold for no other reason than to get one look at his beloved [illegible] before he left England.

The mounted guard was the admiration of all beholders, and right military the officers looked in their [illegible] as they rode hither and thither along the line of march. The Field Commissioner created a new feature in 1891's March-Past, as mounted on a splendid black charger she took her place in the procession, accompanied by Commissioner Booth-Tucker.

THE BAND FESTIVAL.

The Battle of Song had finished, its closing shouts of joy and praise had died away in the upper galleries and distant corners of the Palace, and the vast crowd which had listened entranced for some hour and a half, was as a troubled sea swaying hither and thither in its endeavor to free itself from the barriers in which it had been enclosed. But now a new element of attraction and interest came upon the scene, for the glitter of brass instruments was seen in every direction, as they were borne shoulder high or over head by the great force which was now advancing towards the Orchestra to be called into action in the gigantic Band Festival, which was the next feature of the programme for the day.

By the slow progress with which the gleaming instruments moved towards the field of action, it was evident that it was a task of some difficulty for the bandsmen to make their way through the dense throng. By a little patient waiting here and some good-humored pushing there, a bombardon was carried forward, and then a euphonium, then the slender form of a trombone (which is so awkward to keep from injury in a crowd), until the galleries behind the Orchestra were filled by a glittering host of instruments. Under such conditions it became no easy task to group the bandsmen into the requisite sections according to their instruments, which was a new feature in this year's festival. The work was fairly accomplished, however, for a spirit of patient obedience, and brotherhood was so apparent as to bring a unity of feeling all thro' the vast body of bandsmen which was assembled. Although movement was so difficult, squeezing so continued, and so much tax was put upon one's patience to find out where one could fall in at the right spot, there was not a murmur nor a cross word spoken.

At length the word of command to advance was given in a clear ringing voice by Col. Nicol, who was in charge of the festival arrangements, and the pent-up army of bandsmen swept forward, until the whole of the great Orchestra was filled, and still there were some hundreds of bandsmen who could not get near the Orchestra, as the ways were blocked in every direction, and for whom there was not room on the Orchestra, even on the steps, nor in the aisles.

What a wonderful gathering! We failed for some time to take in the nature of the scene, and to feel all its marvellous significance. There before us was the largest brass band which had ever been brought together in the world's history, with the instruments so grouped as to give the seventeen different sections on a gigantic scale into which the score of the Army "Band Journal" is divided. There were assembled here before our eyes, sufficient bandsmen to fill to its utmost capacity the great Congress Hall at Clapton, and yet we saw scarcely more than a half of the band force of the Army in Great Britain, which now numbers some nine thousand men.

On the left of the conductor's desk were grouped some five hundred [illegible] on the right some six hundred bombardons, up each side of the organ a splendid body of five hundred solo euphoniums; in the middle circles were the tenor horns, baritones and trombones, each section numbering several hundreds, while the whole of the lowest part of the Orchestra was filled by the extraordinary body of one thousand first cornets, with the exception of a small portion occupied by the selected bands who were there as representative of the main Divisions of Great Britain.

[illegible] we saw without a question a band that was unique, and as we gazed upon it and took in its meaning, we felt how stupendous the whole thing was which we were so privileged to see and hear. The instruments had cost over £15,000. There were present about four thousand bandsmen, all saved, by far the greater number brought to God by the Army, and made into musicians by the Army, although the majority but a few short years ago were on the road to ruin for this life as for the next, and knew the influence of music only in the form of the drunkard's song, or that heard at the low sing-song and music hall. Glory to God!

All this wonderful product of the grace of Him we serve in this one form alone of the Army's activity in the short space of seven years, when the first Army band consisted of a father and his three boys! The late Bandmaster Fry, one of God's truest and most honored saints, heard God's call through the General's lips to consecrate his own musical gifts and those of his children to God's service in the ranks of the Army. The call was heeded, and out of that small beginning has come the bands of the Army, some four hundred in Britain alone, with nine thousand men in their ranks, with instruments which must be valued at something like £40,000. Of course the conductor's baton was on this occasion, as on former festivals, in the hands of Commandant H. Booth, the leader of the Army's own great stream of original music, which is running with lava heat from consecrated souls into every country of the world.

As he gave the word, the whole body of bandsmen rose, and then the instruments, which before had gleamed like the countless ripples of a sun-lit sea, presented one broad sheet of brightness as they were raised in readiness for the first song. It is impossible to convey in words the effect of the torrent of sound which now burst forth as

"With sword and shield"

was played. The usual terms which come to one's mind in speaking of our great festivals, seem to be far too feeble for the present occasion. As the two thousand brass instruments gave forth their phrases in the chorus, the four crochets in the bar seemed like the steps of Titans advancing to battle.

The next piece was given by Kilmarnock Band, representing Scotland, and this was followed by the verse of

"Nearer my home,"

rendered by the solo euphoniums, with the harmonies being filled in by the middle instruments of the Home Office and Household Troops' Bands. The result was enchanting, the singing quality of the instruments coming out with marked effect. Another burst of sound, another ocean of harmony rolled forth as the whole force joined in

"Judgment Day,"

"Shining angels."

The Congress Hall Band, representing London, next stood forward, and gave in good contrast to the last song, the sweet melody so well known in the Army, to the words,

"I can, I do believe in Thee."

One of the most powerful effects produced at the festival was that which came out in the next piece,

"Happy song,"

when the entire force of some two thousand five hundred instruments, having the melody of the chorus in the bass solo, sent forth in unison, the other parts being silent, a stream of sound whose vibrations seemed to run through every pillar and girder, setting in motion the thousands upon thousands of panes of glass which form the sides and roof of the Palace. The Home Office Band, fairly launched this day into action, took up the next song,

"Jesus has redeemed me,"

and the general effect was touched with gold, as it were, as the easily-recognized tones of Bandmaster Appleby's cornet floated above the melody of the chorus.

In a very creditable manner the Pentre Band, representing Wales, came forward [illegible] general attention by a very finished and expressive rendering of the universal favorite,

"A Saviour mighty to keep."

Another treat directly succeeding the above, was the rendering by the Household Troops' Band of,

"Onward, yes, onward,"

which was given in most beautiful style, with such precision as if it were but one soul that expressed itself through the instruments. The next song,

"Rolled away,"

was not taken up so well as some of the others, but the chorus gave a fine opportunity for the one thousand first cornets to stand out distinctly, and the effect was such as one cannot forget, as was the case when in,

"Never mind, go on,"

this splendid body of cornets gave the verse alone, until the refrain,

"Never mind,"

when the whole Orchestra came in with a crash that sent the blood rushing to one's finger-tips, so magnificent, so thrilling was the music at this point.

It would take too much space to follow in detail the long programme of the Festival, but we would mention the spirit with which the famous Shields Band gave out,

"I'll stand for Christ,"

and the finish and beauty of tone the Northampton Band produced, much aided by the clarionets in its ranks, in

"Blessedly saved."

The wonderful Festival was brought to a close by a memorial rendering of the Commandant's fine Funeral March, written last year for the funeral of Mrs. General Booth. The solemn, touching, tender strains rolled through the vast building, and woke many a loving memory of her whose loss was felt by every heart in that company of twenty thousand persons.

This festival, we have no hesitation in saying, is to be counted as one of the most wonderful features of the Army's twenty-sixth anniversary. It marks the highest point reached by the bands of the Army for numbers, there being brought together twice as many bandsmen as at any previous time. The effect was far more stupendous and magnificent than ever known before, and we see how, by the grace of God, a vast force of musicians is spreading all over the country, to bear on the wings of music the message of salvation into every town and every village.

SOLEMN ASSEMBLY.

An Impressive, Heart-Searching and Heart-Surrendering Occasion.

TEN THOUSAND SOULS BEFORE THE THRONE.

The solemn assembly was a fitting climax to the events and scenes of the day, and will be productive of much fruit when the 26th aniversary has been forgotten by the presence of even more wonderful sights. For are we not an Army of progress? The great spiritual gathering began an hour later than the programme time, owing to the prolonged March-Past. It was nearer nine than eight o'clock when the vast assembly bowed in silence in compliance with the sound of the bugle and the appearance of the General. But there was no weariness of mind or body traceable in the congregation. The cause of the delay was well understood. Besides, had not the worshipping, Saviour-seeking, Holiness-panting thousands come to wait upon God?

There were several improvements upon the arrangements of previous years. The sitting accommodation was more ample. The proceedings were directed from the platform of the south end of the Orchestra. The leader was fronted with the band of the Household Troops, and thus time, order and effect were given to the all-important part of the programme—singing. The organ on the Orchestra sustained the harmony and helped the thousands at the other end of the gigantic building. The platform was mainly occupied by the foreign contingents. This was very beneficial; it made translation, when necessary, very easy. Hundreds of officers lined the wide tiers of cane-bottomed seats in front of the platform, upholding by faith and prayer the hand of the director, and they were surrounded and followed by a dense mass of human beings of all grades of society. The many-striped sleeves throughout showed a large turnout of local officers. Of course soldiers were present in their thousands, many of them evidently bent upon having the biggest blessing obtainable. The outside circle was extremely cosmopolitan.

The season ticket holder was there—a few cynical and critical. The curious—awe-struck they were at times—were interspersed. Then the warm, gushing, believing friend of the Army, from the evangelical clergyman down to the latest enrolled auxiliary, came up to the great feasting crowds. The audience embraced representatives of every constituent part of the inside and outside circles of the organization. On the platform, besides our beloved General and family, were T. A. Denny, Esq., the Messrs. Cory Brothers, Cardiff; Dr. and Mrs. Heywood Smith, Colonel and Mrs. Pepper, Salisbury; and several other friends.

The scene of the Assembly was the Central Transept. The huge body of seats in the Nave were all occupied by eight p.m. The galleries on the right and left were filled and three to four thousand people were seated on the Orchestra. It was a dazzling spectacle—yea, touching in the extreme—as we tried to "take it in" from a front seat of the north gallery. As became the event, light—bright and soft, and extravagant in its fulness—filled the building. There were, at least, a score of electric suns doing their radiating work, while the thousand and one encased jets of gas formed as stars, and running along and up and down all parts of the galleries, made it possible for everyone to see the orders of the platform and follow minutely the course of the programme. Above all, a deep sense of the

Solemnity and Spirituality

of the occasion pervaded the assembly. Look and action denoted a reverence, sincerity and purpose of soul that only exhibits itself once a year in that building.

The Object

of the assembly was the deliverance of the sinner from his sins, the sanctification of saints from sin and the presentation of gifts and lives to the service of God. The means or ritual employed were silent prayer, and personal examination of the soul directed by a number of questions applicable to all, but more especially the doubter, the heart backslider, the candidate, and the officer.

"*Were you born to spend your days in slavish selfishness?*"

"Will you be deaf to-night to the testimony your own life has given you?"

"Where is your appetite for prayer?"

"How do you live behind the scenes?"

"Have you no heart to feel for the world's woes?"

These were some of the questions that the ten thousand were compelled to ask, and who shall fathom the depth of resolution and faith they called forth?

From beginning to end the spirit of the assembly grew in intensity. The Commandant said, "Let us pray," at the start, and for three minutes the congregation remained in silence on their knees before God.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"

so appropriate to the hour, was then struck up by the organ, and poured forth in universal song. It was saturated with the spirit of desire.

Commissioner Railton led the congregation in the repeating of the Lord's Prayer, emphasising, "Deliver *us* from evil," and "Thine *is* the Kingdom."

"While I speak to Thee,
Lord, Thy goodness show;
And what I ought to be,
Oh, Saviour, let me know."

This was the chorus of a few stanzas composed of the most plain-speaking questions upon our walk and conversation—a fitting prelude to the inspired appeal of Colonel Lawley to the God of heaven and earth. His voice filled the space, and his words must have penetrated far into the consciences of the multitude, who were in an attitude of devotion before the Throne of grace. They engraved themselves upon every soul, and it will not be out of harmony with the report of a Solemn Assembly if I give some of them here, as follows:—

"Oh, Lord, come and help every soul. There are thousands of men and women here to-night who have disappointed Thee, who have disappointed heaven. They are disappointed with their own lives.

"To-night, Thou dost come and place Thy hand upon their shoulders and say, 'I have somewhat against thee! Thou hast forsaken thy first love.' Thou art speaking, entreating and calling upon them to renewed love and obedience. Help this crowd, Lord. Let Thy will be done. Amen."

The General Read

some portion of Scripture in a most remarkably clear voice—deep, distinct and powerful. In fact, in grasp and firmness, the General succeeded in doing what many must have considered an impossibility previous to the gathering. In his natural style, and mounting a chair, he slowly and carefully began—"I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies," etc. The injunction was too tempting for bare repetition, and the soul of the General breathed itself into it. His comments and utterances were the essence of simplicity.

Then followed the programme of examination. For half-an-hour the spirit of judgment was at work. Hearts were laid bare to God. Consciences were aroused and made to feel the pain and sorrow and guilt of unconfessed and hidden evil. Written upon the faces of the multitude were lines of anxiety and desire which clearly revealed a low state of past experience, and when the General declared

The Pool Open,

and the old song,

"Just as I am, without one plea,"

was signalled on the flagstaff behind, there were not a few wet cheeks throughout the congregation. The uprising of seeking souls was grand. Hundreds rose, and they were swept by faith to the Cross. Then a big, mighty surrender took place. The sight in itself was glorious, but the effect will be more so. In this manner the ceremony ended—with sinners seeking mercy, saints and soldiers dedicating themselves to the business of soul-saving, and a host of people plunging into the purple-stream for cleansing from all sin.

The climax was reached by the singing of a song composed in connection with the General's farewell.

The General can afford to go—after what his eyes beheld and his ears heard on this night of consecration and victory. While he fights in distant lands, he leaves behind him an Army which his life has taught to believe that conquest and victory await all who go all lengths for God and make His Kingdom their first and foremost consideration. God speed the General! God speed the the war!

HOW PRINTERS PRINT.

A Look at Their Exhibition.

THE GENERAL SEES HIS OWN ADDRESS BEING "COMPED" A QUARTER-OF-AN-HOUR AFTER HE HAS DELIVERED IT.

"Astounding Facts Concerning the Printing of the 'War Cry' and 'Young Soldier.'

Such was the heading of a handbill placed in the hands of passers-by as they left the Trade stall; and, looking around, we soon discovered a very curious and interesting display in connection with the Printing Exhibition.

Just as our representative arrived, the compositors were at work upon the speech of the General, given at the Reception, which had been taken down in shorthand, transcribed and put into the hands of the comps so quickly, that, while the General was making a tour round the stalls, they were able to fire a volley for him with a portion of his speech in their composing sticks. The General lingered long enough to speak a few words to them, as also to the shorthand writers, who all joined in the hearty exclamation, "God bless the General," which he was not slow to acknowledge and wish them God-speed.

But what about the display on the stall? At first sight one would hardly make out what it all meant, but, on closer examination, we found there was exhibited the copy as it appeared in its raw state in all sizes and shapes, with all the editorial pencil marks upon it. Close alongside was a galley of matter, as the type is called when set up, and also proofs showing that compositors are not perfect followers of copy! Then there were editorial proofs or various slips and pages, indicating how everything is read before it is finally made up into pages. A page of 'War Cry" and "Young Soldier" was shown, also a forme ready for foundry for casting.

The enormous number of copies required demands that there should be more than one set of type. A mould is taken of the type in papier-maché, which is dried on the forme. We were then shown the plates as they were cast for the "War Cry." There are two pages in a "Cry" forme, and eight plates are required to make a complete paper. The "Young Soldier" pages are only half the size, and are four pages in a forme. The weight of metal used in one issue of the two papers is one ton two and a-half hundredweight (fifty-two stereo plates in all).

Having passed along the stall and seen the compositors and the production of the plates, we come to what looks like the base of a column, but find it to be one of the reels of paper used for printing the "Cry." The reel exhibited weighed 4 cwt. 3 qrs. 2 lbs. There are 122 reels of paper used every week in the production of the "War Cry" and "Young Soldier," or, 6,344 reels in the year, giving an average weight of 420 lbs. per reel and 1,189¼ tons for the year. The average length of these reels is 4,012 yards, a length of 14,570 miles for the year.

Paper is not the only thing necessary to printing—there is the ink, and we are told that it requires fourteen tons of ink per year to print the "War Cry" and "Young Soldier."

Upon examination of the plates, it is seen there are patches of copper upon them. These, we are told, are the pictures, and passing to the other end of the stall, we see before us the different stages the pictures have to pass before they get on the paper of the publications. First, we have the drawing on card or transfer paper; then a photograph is taken, and reduced or enlarged as required; the film of the photo is then removed from the glass and placed upon a piece of zinc, which has already been prepared for its reception. It is then exposed to a strong light, after which it is subjected to a bath, and only those parts are left which have been unprotected by the film. Of course the film is removed, and the zinc then passes through several acid baths which eat away every part but the picture, which it leaves standing clear of everything. The transfer pictures are done in the same way, but do not need to be photographed.

There are also wood engravings. These are executed by a photograph being taken in the same way as in the zinc process, only the film of the photo is transferred to wood and left on for the guidance of the wood engraver, who goes over the whole and engraves the picture, cutting out the light parts and leaving the dark parts and shades.

Having arrived thus far, the block is handed over to an electrotyper who blackleads the block and takes an impression in wax as many times as he requires duplicates of the pictures. In the case of the "War Cry" six are required, but with the "Young Soldier" only two. These wax moulds, with their faces blackleaded, are then placed in an electric bath with the proper solutions, and receive a thin coating of copper all over. After being in the bath for some hours they are taken out and the wax removed, leaving the copper shell. We were shown a wax mould with the copper shell, and the copper made solid and durable by being fastened on to metal and curved ready for the plates.

"And do you have to do all this every week?" one lady asked.

"Yes, madam," is the reply we hear, "and a vast deal more."

On the walls beside the stall were some specimens of lithographic work, not the least interesting of which was the frontispiece of the August "All the World," which showed that each copy had to pass through the machine nine times before it was perfect.

On the bill referred to, we are told that if the columns of each "War Cry" and "Young Soldier" printed were placed in a line it would give a mileage of about 5,545 miles for a week, or a total of 288,340 miles for the year—enough to wrap round the world 11½ times.

"If the year's issue of the "War Cry" and "Young Soldier" were placed in a pile (the size of the pages), it would give a height of 53,868 feet, nearly 150 times as high as St. Paul's Cathedral.

All this for the glory of God and the Salvation of souls! God bless the "War Cry" all over the world!

OFFICERS' REVIEW.

A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT.

The Officers' Review, announced to take place on the terraces immediately in front of the Palace between 12 and 12.40, was the great novelty of the day—and its most beautiful sight, in spite of the rain, say the artists present.

Its muster was in the Divisonal Camp at 11.30. Said Divisional Camp consisted of a ring of white bell tents, one for each divisional officer, set down in a green hollow immediately in front of the Palace, to the right of the Central Walk. Deeply wooded slopes rose on two sides of them, and the whole camp formed one of the prettiest bits of landscape in the Palace grounds, even while it lay silent and deserted on Monday evening, the canvas bells shaking like great lilies in the night wind. It was also one of the busiest and brightest places at 10.30 on Tuesday morning. D. O's from all over Great Britain stood

In the Divisional Camp,

chatting in front of their tents, or took the opportunity for a short promenade to "talk business" with one and another officer of their commands. Inside some tents Mrs. D.O's sat resting in preparation for the coming review. Outside others, there were showing friends around. Mrs. Major Evans was pointing out to a friend some quaint Welsh costumes to be worn in the March-Past. Everywhere little groups were chatting. It was a real series of tiny "At Homes" for half an hour, and reminded an American curiously of a West Point encampment full of grey-coated military cadets "off duty," entertaining their friends for half an hour.

Clearing the Ground.

Into it rode, at 10.45, three horsemen of the mounted guard, which was clearing the Lower Terrace by direction of Commissioner Carleton, under whose charge the coming evolutions were to be performed. Their orders were to clear the Divisional Camp of all soldiers and friends, in preparation for the muster of four thousand officers thereon. The little groups broke up with smiling alacrity. Feathers fluttered outside the charmed ring. Civilians disappeared by magic. Officers began to flock in.

Meantime, the Lower Terrace was pervaded by the Mounted Guard, who had cleared it of spectators. The Upper Terrace was one sea of heads, while the raised seats against the front of the Palace and the balconies were crowded. A raised platform had been erected for the General and his escort, well to the front of the Upper Terrace. A Guard of Honor stood about it.

Great Expectations.

11.15. The course is clear, and a general air of expectancy hangs over the ground. Col. Nicol and a few other unusually punctual officers plant themselves on the General's stand. The "Cry" reporter is greatly in evidence. The Mounted Guard is very active. Commissioner Carleton's white horse and red marshal's sash, are seen everywhere at once, and his sedate equerries make stupendous efforts to keep up with him.

11.30. Magnificent muster in the Divisional Camp. The officers of each Division on parade in front of their Commander's tent. Each woman has a white scarf or chuddah, and each man a lance-like pennant of red, yellow, blue, green or white. Clouds look suspicious. The officers on the stand and spectators on the terraces have an uneasy air.

Not in the Programme.

11.35. A tremendous, unheralded downpour of rain. A skurry of spectators. A rush from the grand stand to the refreshment tent conveniently located in its rear. The "Cry" reporter stands his ground for a long time, straining his eyes toward the Divisional Camp, but at last retreats. The Guards are as unmoved as their mounts—which, by the way, were admirable, only one accident occurring, and that of a very slight description, arising from a horse stumbling over the low wire which enclosed the terrace.

Down in the Divisional Camp the officers stand like statues for five full minutes under the beating rain.

"Will you quit the field?"

rises a loud query of song from one point, and the whole muster-ground choruses back,

"Never, never, never!"

But even Casabianca would doubtless have been very glad to leave his burning deck under orders. And, when a voice shouted, "To the tents!" the officer ranks broke up with a celerity no Eastbourne police are ever likely to see equalled. The sheltering capacity of the tiny white tents seemed to be unbounded. Perhaps their walls expanded in the heat of the good comradeship and brotherly love massed within.

12 noon. No cessation of rain. Everybody discomposed except the Mounted Guard, who splash about as if desirous of proving that, like the Kaiser, they are "not sugar-sticks."

12.10. A stir in the Divisional Camp. Strains of music borne on the wet windgusts. The Household Troops' and Home Office bands are in motion. The rain is lessening; the Terraces begin to fill and fill, a waving stream of color begins to flow out through the bushes round the Divisional Camp and curves its course up toward the Central Walk between the fountains of the Lower Terrace, under what is now a moderate rain. The Review is in progress, just forty minutes late.

"A Mass of Serpentine Motion."

"Did it come off exactly as it was planned? Yes and no." (Thus Commissioner Carleton, buttonholed by the "Cry" reporter afterward.)

"The evolutions were as designed, but if it had been fine, all the men would have been in their red jerseys, so that where you saw the whole Lower Terrace one mass of serpentine motion, you would have seen all that above a perfect sea of red and white."

The column formed tight deep. When it reached the Review Ground it divided into four lines of two each. These marched and counter-marched, forming circles within circles, and winding themselves deeper and deeper into wheels within wheels which looked as if they could never be uncoiled. When it is remembered that this review was of officers from all parts of the kingdom, who had neither been drilled for it, as a whole or in sections, and have not all had the advantage of even so much drill as is given in our garrisons, we think that Officers' Review would have been well worth the consideration of the German Emperor. Probably very few present were capable of estimating its real value as a piece of military manœuvering, but the beauty of the shimmering, moving, circling pennants, and the life and action of the stirring horsemen above, was immensely appreciated by all. The General, supported by the Chief-of-Staff, Commissioners Booth-Tucker and Railton, the Field Commissioner, and Colonel Lucy Booth, and a large number of Staff and friends, came on the stand as the troops entered the Lower Terrace, and stood uncovered throughout; the rain, which never quite ceased falling, beating down upon his "good, grey head."

There was not one hitch or flaw in the Review, and only one departure from the printed programme save the delay. The "Universal Knee-drill" at 12.30 was abandoned.

"I've not had my 12.30," said Commissioner Railton, appearing just at that hour, in the midst of a knot of officers behind the stand. But a look at the ground convinced him that it really was impracticable to kneel in the pools of water in the path, and somehow, much as is said about their lack of religious decorum, a true Salvationist always finds it difficult to bring himself to pray aloud in any other attitude than kneeling, where kneeling is at all possible. So 12.30 seemed to be postponed by universal consent.

The Review lasted for nearly twenty minutes. Then the many-colored wheel, like nothing so much as a great whirling firework, lessened and lessened, faded and faded, by almost imperceptible degrees, as line after line changed course and marched passed the General in a solid column four deep to the Palace entrance, to form on the Handel Orchestra for the Battle of Song.

The Recent Crystal Palace Anniversary.

A Letter of Congratulation to the Officers and Soldiers Present on that Occasion, by THE GENERAL.

My Comrades,—I want to congratulate you in the most emphatic manner possible on the triumphant issue of our recent demonstration. With respect to this success I have heard but one opinion from those privileged to be present. I believe every soul who visited the Crystal Palace on Tuesday went away with the feeling that such a Jubilee of Salvation had never before transpired, anyway, not in modern times.

And then we must remember that this result was accomplished in the face of one of the most serious hindrances that could have been calculated to mar our efforts. No doubt the cloudy skies and heavy showers that fell at intervals day after day all through the country during the previous week, kept back thousands; and we know too well that the heavy rain on the day itself made much of the work that had been planned for the grounds impossible, driving us late with the after demonstrations, and occasioning no end of discomfort.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, my comrades, we had a wonderful and never-to-be-forgotten time of Hallelujah Happiness—another day of "the days of heaven on earth," which it has been our lot to spend together.

Look back upon it, count up its stirring events, let your eye in imagination gaze again on that great picture of gladness and service and war, which we were privileged to look upon on the 7th, constituting one grand panorama of the Salvation Army, set in a frame-work of living beauty, accompanied, as it was, while passing before our eyes, by an unceasing chorus of ever-varying melody and song.

Can anyone count up the impressive events of that day? If we leave out those minor gatherings and celebrations, any one of which, taken alone, was enough to mark an epoch in the history of any religious organization, what a record is before us!

Begin with that affectionate and enthusiastic reception, which can scarcely be surpassed until I meet you all again in "the Morning." Then came the Social Exhibition, bringing before us not only the untold blessings already flowing out from that scheme to thousands in the present, but so full of infinite promise to unnumbered multitudes in the future.

Then there was the Officers' Review, the evolutions of which the downpour did not prevent, neither did it interfere with their precision, nor damp the ardor of those engaged in them.

Then came the Battle of Song, with its echoes as if from heaven itself, followed by the crash of the biggest brass band the world has ever seen assembled together.

Then came the March-past, with its unquenched and unquenchable enthusiasm, followed by the Solemn Assembly, a celebration which fitly crowned this glorious day.

Then, what was a still greater cause of wonderment, gratification and future promise, there was the Happy, Enthusiastic, Loving, Holy Spirit which seemed to possess the whole sixty thousand as the heart of one man, and from which all this song and enthusiasm and service seemed alike to proceed.

But, my comrades, the purpose of my writing this letter is not congratulation alone; there are several other points to which I want your special attention.

I want first to thank those of you who for days before hand—aye, and for long nights as well—toiled laboriously to make the plan and carry out the arrangements which culminated in the triumph of the day. I want to say how truly I appreciate the sacrifices and anxiety and long hours, and hard work done with pen and hand and brain, which contributed to such a magnificent result. I thank those brethren—in the name of the whole Army I thank them. The Army honors them. Their work has been noted and will be remembered.

Further, my comrades, I want to urge you to the cultivation and practice, day by day, of that spirit of love to God, and that spirit of sacrifice and service in the interest of man which constitutes the quintessence of the Salvation Army, and [illegible] 7th of July to be a red-letter day [illegible] future history; nay, which [illegible] Movement itself, and which [illegible] strength and stay for the coming [illegible].

Go on developing this spirit, my comrades, it will give us further [illegible] the old lines, and will create [illegible] portant departures in new directions [illegible] will renew the spirit of zeal [illegible] hearts and hands, making them [illegible]. It will keep us to our old work of [illegible] ing misery, harassing the devil and [illegible] souls.

It is because we know how to [illegible] agonize and suffer that we are able [illegible] joice with exceeding great joy. It is [illegible] cause we know how to go down [illegible] depths of human sin and misery [illegible] tution that we have the privilege [illegible] triumphing in the miraculous [illegible] wrought, the remarkable trophies [illegible] and in the wonderful salvation of [illegible].

Hence the royal road to still [illegible] demonstrations and more triumphant [illegible] niversaries, and more enrapturing [illegible] and music and marches and [illegible] to go with Jesus Christ, our [illegible] than ever in seeking the lost; to [illegible] than ever, weep more, strive more, [illegible] more, and then we shall have still [illegible] triumphs. The royal road to [illegible] victories and ascensions and [illegible] glories is the Royal Road of the Cross.

God bless you, my comrades. [illegible] more than ever on the sympathy and [illegible] fidence of

Your affectionate General,
WILLIAM BOOTH.

THREE DAYS AT WATFORD.

A JUBILANT TIME—STRATHROY BAND [illegible] COMES NEAR—A FINE LITTLE COUNCIL—TWO SAVED AND ENROLLED—12TH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

It was my pleasure to conduct Three Day Meetings at Watford on July [illegible] 12th, and 13th. I was ably assisted by Secretary Werry and Capt. John Crook, late of Newfoundland, for the Saturday and Sunday. Of course at the time everybody was excited over the celebration that was to take place in the town on Monday, and with a merry band of Salvationists on a street corner

We Helped to Excite Them

about hell and heaven. Being a little late when I arrived. I decided to hold on to the open-air, where I found Capt. Crook going ahead. About nine o'clock we marched to our barracks to disperse, but to our surprise, after us came the crowd, and we had another good meeting in the barracks at 9 p.m.

Sunday was a good day. From the early knee-drill I felt God with us. Our Holiness meeting was a toasting time. The truth was laid very plain before the people and many covenanted with God there that their time would be more practically spent for God, for to tell the truth, I'm afraid that when God comes, some people I know would stand a poor chance of heaven. I doubt when this report is read the guilty ones can answer for themselves.

I found some good soldiers here, and pray that they may multiply and multiply. On Sunday night God helped us to pour out the truth, and by His Spirit drew [illegible] home, yet with heavy hearts we go home to consider the sad fact that no one surrendered.

Monday, we were at it bright and early, and I found lots of work to do. The Captain got me fixed up in an apron, and being a greenhorn, the first job they gave me was

To Clean Knives and Forks.

I managed this pretty well, and then I got a promotion. My next job was wiping dishes. After a little experience at this it was decided that I should get another step higher, so they next set me at peeling potatoes; so, little by little, I worked myself up to carver, carving beef with [illegible] assistant for about one hundred people [illegible] our day rolled on. A large open-air in the afternoon was a booming success, led by Secretary Werry and Capt. Crook, assisted by officers from the surrounding corps, and

Strathroy Brass Band.

This Band is a model band. They not only play, but pray, and a harder working lot I never met. God bless them all, and I pray that their Godliness may increase and increase.

We had a grand time at night. God was so near that all were blessed, and two souls made their peace with God.

God will bless and use ex-Capt. Ball and wife. The Nightingale did good service with her songs and guitar, while Bandmaster Hastings, of the town band, lent a helping hand and testified to God's saving grace. God bless and save all his band, for they are a fine lot of boys.

Capt. Fisher has worked and fought hard, and God is rewarding her, and after a good blessing, and a successful time, I tripped off to my next post of duty, feeling well in my own soul. I'm yours in the war,

J. H. SWEETMAN.

"Our Honor Roll."

No. 352.

TORONTO DIVISION.

Sergt. Mrs. Bowcock, Toronto II	120
Sergt. Medlock, " V	70
Brother Dixon, " XI	64
Sergt. Annie Wadds, " I	41
Sergt. Kirk, " XIII	34
Sergt. Price "	30
Sergt. Croft, Owen Sound	22
Sergt. Dorsey, Toronto VI	20

PETERBORO' DIVISION.

Sergt. Boyler, Peterboro'	30
Sergt. Green, "	25
Sergt. Robson, "	24

KINGSTON DIVISION.

Sister Barber, Kingston	66
Mrs. Sam Sawberry, "	31

OTTAWA DIVISION.

Marion Banks, Ottawa	25
Maggie McMullen, "	25
Bro. C. Blamfield, Brockville	22
Sergt.-Major Banks, Kemptville	22

LONDON DIVISION.

Bro. Ackford, London I	65
Sister S. A. Stacey, Forest	25

BARRIE DIVISION.

Father Moore, Barrie	38
Sergt. Quigley, Collingwood	31

HAMILTON DIVISION.

Sister Alice Warder, Niagara Falls	27

OFFICERS' NAMES.

Cadet Grose, Brandon	75
Lieut. W. Hall, Toronto V	70
Lieut. Bertha Orchard, Chatham	64
Lieut. Gregory, Stratford	53
Lieut. Oder, Port Hope	50
Lieut. W. Burrows, Peterboro'	45
Cadet Larter, Lippincott T.G	45
Capt. McKenzie, Port Hope	43
Capt. Hewitt, Niagara Falls	43
Lieut. W. Ritchie, Toronto I	40
Capt. G. Dowell, Toronto VIII	40
Capt. Mrs. Jones, London I	35
Lieut. Secord, Stratford	30
Lieut. Sale, Kingston	30
Lieut. J. Anderson, LaChute	30
Capt. Mrs. Dowell, Toronto VIII	30
Cadet E. Smith, Bowmanville T.G	29
Lieut. Emma Dobie, Oakville	29
Lieut. Dimmick, Carberry, Man	29
Cadet Searle, Temple T.G	25
Capt. J. Jones, London I	25
Cadet Pedler, Ottawa T.G	23
Lieut. Andrews, Barrie	23
Cadet Jacobs, Lippincott T. G	40
Cadet Meredith, "	20

BONNIE BARRIE BREEZES.

BY ADJT. MICHIEL.

The Major and I spent Saturday and Sunday at COLLINGWOOD recently. A very profitable time it was. Things are on the up grade here in every way. We held a soldiers' meeting on Monday night. God revealed Himself in a wonderful manner, and some twelve came seeking the fulness of God.

STAYNER.

Things are going ahead here. We spent a night with them. We have some warm friends here. God bless them. Capt. and Mrs. Johnson are in charge, and mean to do something for the Kingdom.

BARRIE

had a Banana Feast the other night. Miss that we could not. I tell you it was good to be there. The Barrie people know how to get up a thing of this kind, and with Gideon at their head to lead them on, you will have some idea of what it was like. You, Mr. WAR CRY, ought to have seen the bananas go, where the Major sat. However, he got through the meeting at night. I noticed, among the crowd, Capt. T. Baker, looking well after his recent illness. My! how he is spreading! "Nice country up here." The meeting at night was very good, led by the Major, Mrs. Calhoun being there also. No one came forward. The Capt. is gone on a rest. May it be good for both body and soul.

MIDLAND.

After a drive of thirty-two miles, we arrive at this place in time for a cup of tea and something to eat, and then off to the march. We spent Saturday, Sunday and Monday here. The meetings on Sunday were very good, though no one came forward for Salvation. Monday was the time. The Orangemen had a big celebration here. Early in the morning they began to arrive from all quarters. The Capt. had provided a hot dinner in the barracks, and it was a success. The meeting at night was good.

HILLSDALE.

Here we found Captain King and Lieut. Briefly, both sick in body, but well in soul. The Captain sometimes walks as many as ten miles in a day visiting and selling CRYS. We had an enrollment here. May those enrolled always be true. The Capt. and Lieut. are gone for a rest.

ORILLIA.

We spent Friday, Saturday and Sunday here. The Capt. had the Holiness meeting announced, and a good crowd came together to learn something more of God. Some good testimonies on Holiness were given by the soldiers. The Major read the Word, and laid down the truth in a good plain style. The Spirit did His work, and when the invitation was given, twelve men and women came forward, seeking the fulness of God. They rose and testified to having received the same. Sunday's meetings were good. At night, three souls came seeking Salvation, and gave good clear testimonies to receiving the same. Capt. and Mrs. Ayre are here, and the old-time fire still burns. Mrs. A. is doing good work in selling the CRY. I think, Mr. PRY, I heard a rumor of a rise in the CRY here. I noticed the CRYS were all sold out on Sunday night; also the *Young Soldiers*. Secret: They sing out of them and talk about them. Just a hint to Barrie: Look out for your laurels.

GRAVENHURST.

A drive of twenty-two miles, with some time spent in picking raspberries by the wayside, we arrived at G——. The meeting was a good one for liberty and blessing. Bro. Burkholder was there, and laid down the truth in good style. Verily, it was good to be there, but they all turned their backs on Christ and walked away.

BRACEBRIDGE

is next on the list. Rock in abundance in this country. Sawmills in all directions. Oh! what a country this is! There was some kind of an entertainment in the town the night we were there, but the crowd came, as usual, to hear the old story of Him Who died for them. The Major dedicated a child, and three sinners came seeking Salvation. Praise God. Things are on the up grade, Mr. Editor, for which we are thankful.

A WEEK-END AT TRURO.

I have just put in a week-end at Truro, and had a nice time. I arrived just in time for the march on Saturday night, and after marching around two or three streets we stopped on the corner for a short open-air. We had

A Splendid Crowd,

and, after some straight talk, went on to the barracks, where we had a very small crowd and a short meeting.

On Sunday morning eight or nine of us met at the barracks for knee-drill, and went right in for a good time with the Lord. God came very near and blessed those who were there, but

What About the Absent Ones?

That Holiness meeting was a good one, and the sight of that brother kneeling before God at the close, making a full surrender, and accepting the blessing of Sanctification, greatly encouraged us. We had a march around in the afternoon, and just got into the barracks in time to

Escape a Good Wetting.

We had a nice little time inside, and dealt with the grumblers and critics, and advised them to stop grumbling and go to work.

The meeting on Sunday night was the best. God was very near. We had great liberty. The people gave us good attention, and at the close a sister who had never made a start before, came and knelt at Jesus' feet

And Claimed Salvation

by faith, and testified to what God had done for her. Her mother and other sister, who are both saved, were glad to see her make the start, and will, I feel sure, encourage her to go on. We had a nice talk to the dear comrades at the close of the meeting, and believe God will enable them to have greater victories than ever. Go on, comrades, God is for you and you shall win. Capt. Boggs and her Lieutenant have been working hard cleaning up the barracks. They have got the walls and ceiling kalsomined, and the seats and floor all washed up, and things look much more comfortable. I wish some other places would take a leaf out of their book, or write the Captain for a recipe.

Adjt. COLLIER.

WHAT ABOUT THE COMMISSIONER'S BIG MEETINGS?

On the front page of next week's issue we shall give our readers an illustrated account of the Commissioner's meetings at Peterboro', Ottawa, Montreal, and other places. It will be most interesting, and will also contain cuttings from newspapers, as well as the account of a French-Canadian meeting, led by the Commissioner, at Montreal.

The Ramblings and Rovings

OF ENSIGN WOODGATE.

DEAR EDITOR,—It is a long time, I know, since you heard from me, so I am in for telling you of some of the good things that have been going on down this way. I have been away on a five weeks' trip, visiting the country places, holding meetings in groves, school-houses, and barracks. It was my happy lot to be at the opening of another very nice hall in Waterloo. We had to leave our other hall, and one unsaved man said, "Now, if the Army is wanted here they will get another hall. We shall see." Thank God, the way was open, and now we have a lovely hall in a better part of the town. It was wet some part of my visit, but we had some big crowds of people, and good work was done, I believe. I stopped at Knowlton for my next visit, for six days, and on Sunday we were out about five miles to a grove, for a meeting, in the morning and afternoon. Oh, how God did help! and one dear man got up out of the crowd, came to the front,

And Got Saved.

We went to the barracks for the night meeting.

We went out on Tuesday and Wednesday to school-houses. I might just say these school-houses are loaned to us to have our meetings in. We have a great number of these school-houses in use every week. Thursday was my last night, and we had the officers in from Bedford and Waterloo. God came very near to us. I had asked the boys on Sunday to help us by Thursday. The Captain was in debt, so, after taking a good offering at the door, we asked for help inside, and we got some. One man gave a dollar, and then some more. Altogether, we were able to see nearly all the debt go. God bless our Knowlton friends.

After the meeting I drove nine or ten miles out into the country, for three days' meeting in the school-house again on Friday and Saturday, and then we went into the grove on Sunday morning and afternoon, and God blessed and helped us. On Saturday some asked God if He would to stay the rain, and though on Sunday morning it was raining, yet it stopped in time for us to commence our meeting.

After the afternoon meeting, off again for another nine or ten miles to Cowansville barracks, for a meeting. I might just say that before going to these latter places I gave our friends of Bedford and Cowansville about two weeks, and we had

Some Very Nice Times.

In one of my meetings I asked for a prayer meeting for rain. The country stood in great need of it, so we got down before God, and we had not been off our knees very long before clouds came up, and one unsaved man, who had about nine miles to go home, told me we ought not to have prayed. In the morning came the rain, and all through our meetings God did a good work in helping the believers, and the saving of souls. Yours, well in my soul,

Ensign J. WOODGATE.

NOTES FROM THE IMPERIAL CITY AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

"QUIZ."

I hear that Adjt. Leonard, Ensign Moore, and Capt. Connett had a great time at Carleton Place on the 13th, where the Orangemen celebrated the 12th.

Their music and songs attracted large crowds all day. Have you ever heard them play their grand selections? If not, you have missed a treat.

The people stared at the movements of the slide trombone, and wondered where the music came from through the euphonium, and could not understand the notes of the cornets.

The meetings outside and in were blessed times. A collection of over $7 was given in the open-air in the afternoon. This caused Lieut. Ollis to dance. The Captain also smiled her best.

Hughie Hinds, the plug-hat gent from Ottawa, gave good help, also "Sammy" with his cornet, and soldiers from other corps assisted grandly.

A most blessed day was spent. The impression made for God and the Army will tell again, and the results to the Kingdom through these meetings will be seen in time.

Capt. Crosby and her Lieutenant are whipping the devil at Almonte, but he is tough, especially in that quarter, yet these two hallelujah thrashers are bound to have victory.

Capt. Connett at Ottawa has been making great preparations for the Commissioner's visit. If announcements do anything they should have a crowd and a good time.

The posters have been posted, the barracks inside and out placarded. On the street corners, one could see the announcements, 1,000 telegrams (dodgers) scattered, etc., etc. What more was needed?

As I drew near to the barracks, what did my eyes behold? An express waggon with boards some 3½ feet deep on either side and behind. These were well decorated with announcements, such as, "He is come." Who? Commissioner Rees, new commander of the Canadian forces of the Salvation Army. Great welcome to-night, to-night. Marvellous times," etc, etc.

Then, behold! six instrumentalists appeared on the scene and boarded this objectionable (?) rig, but the drums struck up, the bass sent forth its volumes, the trombone slid in and out, the cornets made a spurt, the driver yelled "Gee up," and away they went.

I did not follow on behind, but I believe they took in the whole city, and the stir was something great. Business was suspended. Clerks and counter jumpers rushed to the doors. M.P's. wondered what was up. The hotels were emptied for the time, and wonderment and excitement prevailed.

At night the Commissioner and Staff-Capt. Acum received a good welcome. Their words were of a blessed character, and much profit to the crowd that attended. Commissioner, I believe, also enjoyed himself, and fell in love with Ottawa, saying he would like to stay six months. Commissioner, you are welcome.

The Ottawa "Journal" gave a column and a half of the Commissioner's life and visit to Ottawa, accompanied with the Commissioner's photo, also the "Free Press" gave a good report of the meetings, and the "Citizen" gave an announcement of the Commissioner's coming. May God bless the Press.

Capts. Ludgate and Webb are making good arrangements for the Commissioner's visit to Brockville and Cornwall, and, of course, these towns will be stirred. An Officers' Council will be held at Brockville. My faith says that those who attend will have a rich time. Pay our division another visit, Commissioner, as soon as possible. Our appetites are sharpened.

D. O. and Mrs. Leonard are in ecstacies of joy over the arrival of the "wee" cadet. May God bless the little lassie and make her a home full of joy and very useful in the future.

Adjt. and Mrs. Walder's child is very sick. Pray that God may put His arms around them and help them in this trying time, and spare their darling.

At the city corps last week they had a good case of conversion of an old man 71 years of age who had been a drunkard all his life. Capt. Connett saw him leaving a saloon drunk, just as a heavy shower of rain came down. He took hold of him, helped him into the Garrison, gave him a good cup of tea and soda, then put him to bed, woke him up next morning, and after breakfast got him saved. The old man said he had received the greatest blessing of his life, and felt that God had taken the appetite for drink away. He was very happy and full of praise to God and those who had helped him when last seen.

VERY IMPORTANT.

In a recent WAR CRY there appeared an illustration of a girl standing on a table surrounded by several rough men. Underneath it were the words, "A brave lassie stands alone for Jesus." This picture has really a different character and meaning altogether, which was overlooked when it was inserted. It appeared in an article in the Summer Number of the *Deliverer*, and it referred to the Rescue Work in Africa. Will our readers kindly note this error?

LOOK INTO NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

—FOR—

- Illustrated Report of the Commissioner's Recent Eastern Tour.
- Continued Report of the Musketeers' Tour.
- Stick-at-it-ive-ness.
- Gems raked from the French-Canadian Field.
- Manitoba Camp Meetings.
- What a commercial traveller writes about the Army.
- Knowledge of Salvation.
- The Saved Farmer's letter to the Sceptical Doctor—No. 3.
- The photo of Capt. Westacott, the Slum Corps Officer.
- Fence Jack (illustrated).
- Touched—not Tainted (illustrated).

TWO GOT SAVED.

THAMESFORD.—We praise God this morning for victory on Israel's side. Since last report, two young men have left the ranks of the enemy, and enlisted in the Army of the living God. To God be all the glory. The fighting is very hard, but our reward is great. We mean never to give in to the enemy. Victory or death!—Lieut. R. M. FRYER.

Well, friends, I suppose I must, without any excuse and ceremony, make my bow to you all. I am "the lone fisherman." My appearance, I know, is not comely, and my rod and tackle are more homely still, but I make my bow, and shall continue, with God's help, to keep bowing in many future issues of this wonderful, well-read, and well-loved paper—the WAR CRY.

* * *

Of course it is needless to tell you I am fond of fishing. It is my delight, and my friends, I thought you would like to know a few of the thoughts which run through my active brain while watching my float, baiting my hook, and taking the shining scaly fish therefrom.

* * *

Is it not a fact that our Blessed Lord and Master called fishermen to go out and work for Him, and is it not also true that He told His disciples to cast their net on the right side?

* * *

Therefore, friends and comrades, I am glad that I am a fisherman, and while thus earning an honest livelihood I am at the same time doing my best to follow my Heavenly Master, who took delight in fishermen and every other kind of men and women. True I am all alone, yet not alone, for Jesus promised never to leave or forsake those who put their trust in Him.

* * *

Now to business. I have only introduced myself this week, and in future columns I want to show you, my friends, the great importance in spiritual fishing, or fishing for souls, and I can promise you that I'll do my honest best to interest all.

* * *

Everybody knows that it is well to be as quiet as possible while fishing. People generally know the great foolishness of trying to catch fish with the wrong bait. All know that certain kinds of hooks are used for certain kinds of fish. Then it is very necessary to use a landing net when an extra big fish has been hooked. Oh yes, yes, yes, these facts are known to all, but oh, what a quantity of spiritual lessons can be gathered therefrom.

* * *

Oh, what a great amount of good one man who lived a Christ-like life has been able to perform. All alone he has cast his line in the water, button-holed and talked to some poor drunkard about his soul's welfare, thus catching souls on his hallelujah fish-line. It is not always when there is the greatest amount of talk that the most good is done. At least, my friends, I find it so in my employment, and it is so spiritually. You know that.

* * *

Well, I must close up this time and next, week will endeavor to ventilate my thoughts on the special line of "What a Fisherman should be?"

NOT DROWNED YET.

PETROLIA.—Although you have not heard from us for some time, we have not got drowned in these great oil wells, but are still alive and doing well. The weather is very warm, and the devil is doing his best to draw the attention of the people. Our God whom we serve is helping us and giving us victory. Two came out for more power with God on Friday, and one dear sister for Salvation on Sunday. The converts seem to be real healthy, and we are determined at all cost to seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and put in a good summer's work for Jesus. —Capt. M. COWAN.

THOUGHT HE WAS IN JERUSALEM.

LISTOWEL.—Hallelujah! Just a few lines to-day. We are well-saved, and our corps is getting on beautiful. Last week, we had a prayer meeting in the country, and had a blessed time. Open airs grand. One soldier got so happy he thought he was in Jerusalem, and invited the others to come also. On Sunday, good crowds and a beautiful spirit. God was also working on peoples' hearts. Dr. Gunner lent us a helping hand Sunday afternoon. God bless him. Everybody says "come again." We are having victory. WAR CRYS all sold out.—Capt. M. ELLIOTT.

Take a peep into the pages of the current Young "Soldier," and secure a copy weekly.

Light! Light!! Light!!!

Not long ago, in one of our city churches, a School Inspector preached a sermon, taking his text from Matthew V. 16. What he said was so real, so inspiring, and so helpful, that the listener, who sends this, although a Salvationist, got richly blessed in his soul, and now, through the "War Cry," sends out some of the Inspector's sayings, feeling sure that they will be made a great blessing to all who read them.

Let your light shine.

Light is a wonderful thing.

It is a terrible thing to be always in darkness.

Men are anxious for light when living in their proper condition.

Our duty is to get men to long for the light.

How thankful we ought to be for sight.

How little beauty some see in the world.

The artist, the botanist, the geologist, the farmer, the land speculator, each sees things differently from his different standpoint.

If each saw the whole at once, then half of the world's beauty would not be seen.

If we live clean, pure, true lives, our spiritual eyes will be open.

God will give us new revelations every day.

Our conception of things can never be alike.

Live truly and work truly.

"If ye do His will, ye shall know of the doctrine."

As a rule, men are in great spiritual darkness.

People make clouds for themselves, forgetting that the sun is always behind the clouds.

The little brown speck at the back of the fern leaf can be magnified into a mountain of pearls.

When God was making this whole world how wonderful must have been His power.

Each person has some light, some particular work.

The more one works, the brighter light he gets.

We must "let" the light shine. Notice the word *let*.

Nobody but yourself can put the light out.

A little child once told her parent that she was dipping up sunshine with a spoon.

Our light comes from God.

"The light was the life of man."

"In Thy light shall we see light."

The spiritual power is Christ-light.

Some shine in prayer, some in speaking.

God's life is light-producing.

Selfish men cannot shine.

Christ died for humanity.

As Christ shone we must shine.

The devil is selfish enough to put your light out.

It is very easy for him to do so.

Why let your light shine?

That men may see your good works.

It is not good feeling, singing or praying, but works.

Religion is not a dogma, or emotion, but service.

The messages to the seven churches all begin with, "I know thy works," and finish with, "To him that overcometh."

You cannot shine without working.

Work is essential to Christian growth.

A school-master once said, "I like a boy who has 'go' in him."

The muscle must be used to gain power.

A shining church is a working church.

If you had power to pray years ago, and have ceased doing so, you have doubtless lost power altogether.

Power we do not use we lose.

Fish in a dark cave of water lose their eyesight. Just so spiritually.

Work, for the "light" is coming.

One man in a regiment can bring disgrace on the whole regiment.

One man can keep the earth darker than it should be.

Our light may go out.

There never was a race of men who did wrong but they were blotted out of existence, either in the third or fourth generation, unless the Lord has mercy on them and switches them on the up-track again.

The more we know of science the more it harmonizes with the Bible.

The parable of the talents is the saddest part of all the Bible.

The Lord takes away power from those who fail to use it.

What have you done to shine?

Shine in your face, shine in your voice.

How little children like people who shine in their faces and voices.

Our hands can shine, our feet can shine.

Boys can make their mothers shine.

Whitfield was one of those shiners, for a sceptic said of him, "He tempted me to be a Christian because he was so pleasant."

On a grave-stone were these words, "She was so pleasant."

Some children said of a little girl companion, "It was so easy to be good when she was with us."

It is just as easy to make people mean through failing to shine.

There are two kinds of people in the world, shiners, and who?—you know who.

Plant flowers, grow smiles.

Some have the thorns out and the roses hidden.

Evil springs from unused good.

Have life-producing branches all over you.

Do not be a pine knot, tallow-candle, gas, or electric light, if God wants you to be a sun.

God values a little light, but not if you ought to be a bigger one.

Let your light grow.

Keep the chimney lamp bright.

Our light shines on from man to man.

You never did a true act but what it went on.

Your evil deeds must go on forever.

"And glorify your Father which is in heaven."

You must glorify God, if it is God's light in you.

You are His agent.

You can make it easier for others to shine.

God pity you if you make it harder for them to shine.

Do you stop your wife, your children, or your neighbor from shining?

Do you make the minister's light dim? He has as many troubles as anyone.

You can help him in a thousand ways. Co-operation.

Perhaps some of you pull against the minister.

Have a soul that shines.

You cannot put my light out as long as God is in it.

We ought to help glorify God, for we get the light from Him.

You cannot be a Christian if you are not shining.

Christ shone, and he wants us to do so.

The sunset is a cheering picture.

Some people's light goes down in darkness, some in brightness.

Sometimes the sun shines at noon.

How all God's colors blend in harmony!

Shine as soon as possible.

Some people shine into me through their hands.

Get to be sun's, not electric lights.

Then when your light goes down in the sunset of the grave, you will leave behind you an after-glow of brightness.

Your life will do its best work after you are gone.

Make a bonfire of your selfishness.

Shine for your enemies, those who need your help.

Electricity is generated by opposition, just so spiritually.

The killing of self gives the life power.

Your church needs shiners. I hope you will be a shining church.

Shine by giving to the collection.

A NICE LITTLE BAND.

FENELON FALLS.—We arrived here about four weeks ago, and found a nice little band of soldiers ready to do their duty for God. We have only seen one backslider and two children saved since we came, but are sure that prayer and faith will bring the victory.—Lieut. BONGARD.

COMING INTO THE LIST.

COW BAY, C.B.—Our visiting and WAR CRY selling has been a great victory over the devil this past week. I am expecting to see Cow Bay take its place in the List again. (So am I, Capt.)—ED. After Saturday I had not one left. Our meetings are real good, but we have not as yet seen any visible results.—Capt. W. LEDREW.

DO THOU LIKEWISE.

ORILLIA.—We have just had three days' special meetings here, led by Major Calhoun and Adjt. Michiel. Good times. I have raised the order for CRYS and *Young Soldiers*.—Capt. M. AYRE.

THAT Special Exhibition and ... "WAR CRY."

The date of this issue will ... day, September 12th, so that orders for increased number should be sent in at ...

That Special Exhibition

We are looking for a marvellous ... Toronto particularly, and in every ... city, town, and village generally.

And Anniversary

Its front page will be very ... bodying illustrations of the Queen's ... Exhibition Buildings, the Albert Street ... A. Headquarters, an Army ... of corn, etc., giving it a very ... finish.

WAR CRY

Its price will be the same as usual ... cents, and as this is about the first ... Canadian CRY issued, it will be a ...

Issued on September 12th,

Its articles and cuts will all tend to ... ideas of wonderful exhibitions of God's ... power to save and liberate from sin. ... are expecting each Staff officer and ... Field officers to send us along some ...

Will be a Startler.

This will be a grand opportunity for ... readers to button-hole people and ... to become annual subscribers at the ... of $1.75 per year. Carry a pocket-book and pencil with you and take the names of those requiring to become subscribers.

Its Front Page

Among other contents will be the ... periences of saved drunkards, harlots, and sinners of all kinds. Doubtless we shall exhibit the "Red Maria," contrasting with the "Black Maria." Rescued girls will testify. Saved ex-prisoners will ... something for its pages. Oh, it will be grand!

Will be Unique.

It would be a good idea if many of our readers would send along some interesting matter which could be well illustrated. Those who have had terrible ... sin could forward their photo and a short account of their lives for God's glory and the benefit of this special issue. It would be acceptable, but it must be sent at once without delay.

Wonderful Exhibits

Field officers, men and women of faith should increase their orders and put forth every effort to double the sale of this special issue. It would not be pleasant to ... out their order by Friday night and find it then too late to procure more. NOW is the accepted time.

Of God's Power

The Competition Cut, List and News will be very special features, and should be looked out for with great anxiety. We cannot tell which Brigadiers or Divisional Officers will grace this page. However time will unfold all these secrets. It will be a most interesting affair.

To Save and Deliver

Doubtless the Far West will be well represented, and Newfoundland will not be out in the cold while Capt. Shea is around. The Social Wing will have a show. Headquarters' Staff will have a finger in the pie. In short, it will be a regular cosmopolitan affair. At least we think so.

Will Appear.

A 1,000 Contributors Needed.

It would be a good idea to have some taking songs composed for this special issue. Now, song writers, don't forget this, and note in your contribution that the song is for the "Exhibition CRY." More about this matter next week.

GOING ON.

SACKVILLE.—I landed here about four weeks ago, and found a small band of people who were saved from sin, and love to work for God. We have not seen much for our labour so far, but, knowing that the Word of God promises a harvest if we faint not, we take courage and go on, feeling it a pleasure to labour in the service of God.—Capt. WM. DYAS.

LIVE RIGHT AND WORK HARD.

THEDFORD.—Christ shall reign. This past week has been one of fighting, yet we can thank God for victory. Hallelujah! Our Holiness meeting on Sunday morning was grand. At the close, four came to God for clean hearts. We are going in to fight right, and work hard.—Capt. M...

L'ARMEE DU SALUT.

Visit of Two Officers in the Campaign Against Sin Among the French.

What the Manitoba *Daily Free Press* writes about the visit of Staff-Capt. and Mrs Simco:—

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Simco, who are in charge of the French work of the Salvation Army in Canada, arrived here, Saturday to interest the people of the west in their work in the Lower Provinces. They come well recommended from the prominent divines of the east, such as Rev. Dr. Douglas, of Montreal; Rev. Principal Grant, of Queen's College, Kingston; and Mr. Dougall, of the Montreal *Witness*; besides Hon. S. H. Blake and hosts of others.

Staff-Captain Simco speaks fluently in French as well as in English.

Mrs. Simco writes the major portion of "En Avant," or French "War Cry," which is published in Montreal and read by hundreds of French people.

Staff-Capt. Simco first met the Salvation Army in Paris, France, when it was under the leadership of Miss Catherine Booth, daughter of General Booth.

Mrs. Simco, who was Miss Wallis, was an officer at the time in the Salvation Army in Paris. In time, Mr. Simco met and married Miss Wallis, and afterwards they conducted Army meetings

Throughout France and Switzerland.

Mrs. Simco first received a call for Canadian French work, and was shortly afterwards sent out by General Booth to open fire on Quebec city. Captain Simco joined Mrs. Simco shortly after Quebec was opened.

Since the opening of Quebec, five years ago, three other places have been opened by officers who could speak French. One of these corps is manned by French Canadian converts brought in since the Army opened in Quebec.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Simco relate tales of exciting times experienced in Quebec. Once Mrs. Simco was laid up for six weeks by a large stone striking her on the back of the head, cutting a large hole in her bonnet

And Otherwise Injuring Her.

The Staff-Captain, too, has seen some hard times. He says the courts of justice of the east have been tardy in recognizing the rights of Salvationists, instancing the numerous cases which they have been called upon to decide. The latest case the courts have had to deal with, and which was decided against them, was termed by Justice Cross, who gave a dissenting opinion, a practical persecution of Salvationists.

Much interest was given to the regular meetings on Saturday evening and yesterday by the presence of those visitors, and by the addresses which they gave, with references to their special work and the difficulties encountered. The services in the open-air and in the hall were largely attended.

Staff-Capt. Simco will assist the pastors of some of the city churches in explaining the needs of the French work in Canada in general.

Do you wish to become an Auxiliary? Then send on $5 to Headquarters, and thus secure all the privileges derived therefrom.

THE LORD IS HELPING.

CHESLEY.—Praise God, we can again report victory in our souls, in our corps, and all along the line. Souls are being saved, and bearing testimony to God's power to keep under all circumstances. God is helping us wonderfully, and making us more than ever like Himself. We mean to trust God for all things, for He has told us, if we be willing and obedient, we shall eat the good of the land.—Capt. T. OGILVIE; Lieut. L. MEDLOCK.

BIG TIMES.

OAKVILLE.—We are having good times here in the town of Oakville. On Saturday and Sunday we had with us the Hamilton Brass Band, also our D. O. and Capts. Wait and Goodchild. I tell you, the old devil had to stand around, and we are still making it hot for him. Two souls for pardon, praise God. We are nicely saved, and working with all our hearts for the Lord, and long to see souls get right. Hallelujah!—Lieut. E. DOBIE.

CAPT. LAING SPEAKS.

WOODSTOCK Braves are steadily marching along to victory. On Sunday, all day, we had a most blessed time. We felt the presence of God very near. In the afternoon in the park a large crowd gathered to hear Capt. Laing speak on the Social Reform work. At night, Sergeant Bonnie, of the Temple corps, sang and gave his testimony. Officers and soldiers are going in to do their level best in spreading the good news.—Lieut. W. LEWIS for Capt. SAVAGE.

EAST NOVA SCOTIA CRUMBS.

BY O. I. C.

I scarcely know where to begin, so if I ramble, please excuse me, for you know I am not a professional correspondent, but where little is given little is required.

Some one was saying that Capt. Wright, of Westville, was the wrong man in the right place, but from all that I can see and hear, he is the (W)right man. Crowds are getting better, and things are beginning to bubble up, and no doubt they will soon boil over. Then, look out.

Mrs. Wright was one of the opening officers, and is it any wonder the people love her?

Some one was saying they are as godly a a lot of soldiers there as you will find in the Maritime Provinces.

I heard some one say they are having big times in New Glasgow. Souls are getting saved, and they are rejoicing over them with real freedom. Some dance for joy, while others sit still and enjoy it.

Do you believe it? But I have heard it for a fact that Capt. and Mrs. Kimble both have been dancing with the rest of the company. Who would ever have thought it?

I believe they have the largest hall in the place for their Sunday afternoon and night meetings. So we can keep believing to hear something good from there.

I have not heard or seen much of Stellarton, nor any one from there lately, but I understand it is a tough nut, and Capt. Rafuse is doing her best to crack it. Anyway, she is bound to make the people hear the message of Salvation, as she does not talk in a whisper.

Oh, I see, Picton has lost the valuable services of Capt. Blackburn, who has said good-bye and left for Newfoundland, to have a good time among the ranters, and perhaps see Capt. Shea's model of perpetual motion.

I believe Capts. Blackburn, Kimble, and Wright were to pay Cape Breton a visit for special meetings. The two latter went, and I overheard them talking about Capt. B. not being able to go. One said Sammy came with tears in his eyes saying he could not go, as he was farewelling for Nfld. Query.—Can any one give the reason of the tears?

The brass band—Capt. Wright, 1st cornet, Capt. Kimble, ephonium, woke things up, and they say the streets were packed with people. The hall was crowded, and best of all, they tell me one soul got saved. Some one said it was the best meeting they ever were in in North Sydney.

The second day they had a banquet on the board, and Capts. Davis and Ledrew were to the front for the feed and jubilee. I believe the food was in abundance. The people knew how to do justice to it. Capt. Ledrew was in good trim for it, having walked from Cow Bay (eighteen miles.)

Capt. Alward and his Lieut. make a big team, as neither is very short, and they tell me they have a very good hold of the place. From what I heard, Capt. Ledrow is getting quite ministerial, and you would scarcely think he was the same person. Perhaps it was on account of the long walk, or was it ——?

Capt. Davis was as natural as life, and they tell me he has a hard fight in Sydney, but God enables him to rise to the circumstances, and victory must come. Keep believing, Captain.

But, just before I close, you should ask Capt. K. or W. who pelted them with rocks before they left C. B., and tell them to remember that the Master says, "Blessed are they that are persecuted," etc. God bless the persecutors. Amen.

A SHAKING.

ROCKWOOD.—We have been here at this place for a month, and God has been working in a great manner. People just tremble in their seats on account of their sins. The dear Lord helped one precious backslider to return to his God. He got well saved, I believe. Our prayers are that God may keep him true. We are trusting that many others will follow the Lord in the same way. Victory is our motto.—Capt. M. WOODALL and Lieut. H. YOUNG.

THEY DO A JIG.

NEW GLASGOW, N. S.—We are still having good times here, and souls are getting saved at nearly every public meeting. The soldiers and officers rejoice over the victories, after the old-fashioned manner, and are not above having some real old-time Hallelujah dancing, in which both male and female take part. Keep on believing.—Capt. KIMBLE.

What about the Special Exhibition "War Cry?" It will be a beauty. You had better write for it.

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The Toronto Division.

"OH! IT'S GREAT."

Thus said the D. O. at several of our latest appointments, and right he was, for truly they were great times at every place. At the wind-up of the Indians' tour they got warmed more than ever. Steve remarked that God was working deep among the Indians. He was making

HOLY INDIANS OVER THERE

(on the reserve). Jesus Christ was in him and therefore was making him holy. The D. O., G. S., and Bennie (the boy preacher and soloist) recently spent a very profitable Sunday at Markham. The meetings in the park and also in the hall were *just great*, and I am glad to report that things are brightening up there. The D. O. commissioned a Secretary in the person of Bro. Brown, while there, and on Sunday night the Lord gave us a beautiful meeting, and one soul, a young man, who rose to his feet after pleading with the Lord, and, with his face all lit up with a smile which told his burden had gone, spoke out,

"My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell;
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,
Here I go!"

God bless him. On our arrival on Monday morning in the city, we found our Toronto comrades in council, reporting some battles fought and victories won in and around the city. Here you will find the pith of the matter:—

Capt. Cook, of Yorkville, reports, "Well in soul and strong in body." '*That's great.*' Also reports good times there in the open-airs.

Captain Moss, of Fort Lisgar, has been somewhat ill, but says they are having grand times, and one dear soul saved on the door-step of the barracks. "Now is the accepted time." Better than to wait till he got inside.

Capt. Broadbelt reports a prize fighter saved at Parkdale recently. "This is great."

Capt. Smith states that things are truly looking up in Little York, interest increasing both indoors and out. "Cheer up."

Capt. Dowell, of Arthur St., who has just recently took charge, reports victory already, though his wife is not well. Will our comrades please pray for her. He says souls are getting saved. "That's great."

Capt. Coombs says they are having "high jinks" at Lippincott. Some of the Cadets got the glory, and oh, "it was great."

Capt. Sinder says that they are having great times over in the grove on Sundays, and nothing to complain of. "*That's great.*"

Capt. Warder, of West Toronto, reports souls being saved and good times all round.

Capt. Westacott says He is having souls down in the slums, and the Lord is giving them some good open-airs these delightful evenings. "Cheer up."

Capt. Clark reports that, while visiting, they have had some souls saved. "*That's great.*" Cheer up. More to follow.

Look out for the Competition List!

General Secretary E. L. A.

LOOK OUT!

FOR THE

SEPTEMBER MEETINGS.

THE DATES ARE

Sept. 12th to 17th, Inclusive.

ORIGINAL SALVATION SONGS.

1 CHRIST, THE PILOT.

CAPT. A. DOLMAN.

TUNE—*I'll take you home again, Kathleen.*

Oh, traveller on the sea of time,
Say, do you know this Friend of mine?
He lives to guide your bark aright,
Through every troubled sea of life.
You've long been battling with the storm,
Your hope and courage almost gone,
For many a rock thy barque has torn,
Because no Pilot was on board.

CHORUS.

Oh, take this Pilot now on board,
Then never more you'll fear the storm;
With Jesus there, what need you more?
He'll guide your frail bark safely o'er.

Along the shores of rolling tide,
How many wrecks we oft can find,
That speaks the tail of misspent lives,
Who did not have my Friend to guide.
Yon Golden Shore you'll never reach
Unless you will this Pilot seek,
He waits your strength and Guide to be,
Through time and for eternity.

2 CHRIST'S ATONEMENT.

SERGT. R. J. CANTLON, WINNIPEG.

TUNE—*Give me the faith that can remove; or, Oh, the Blood of Jesus!*

See Jesus, King of earth and heaven,
Nailed to the Cross for you and I,
Unjustly, shamefully, condemned
An ignominious death to die;
So pure, so holy, and so kind,
His foes in Him no fault could find.

CHORUS.

Oh, the love of Jesus, the boundless love of Jesus,
Oh, the love of Jesus, so constant, full and free.

He left His Father's home on high,
The Lord of Lords, and King of Kings,
To be despised, to bleed and die,
To save poor sinners from their sins;
With outstretched arms just now He stands,
Your blood-bought soul His death demands.

Why will you still your soul neglect,
'Tis madness to procrastinate;
You idly dream, and Christ reject,
By choice retain your sinful state,
When once the Master shuts the gate,
For you, alas! 'twill be "too late."

3 SALVATION.

BY R. P. BECKETT.

TUNE—*Yet there is room.*

Oh, sinner heed the invitation sweet,
Thy Saviour waits the prodigal to greet.
Come home, come home,
Thy Father waits for thee,

Thy feet have wandered far from home and God,
Oh, come and tread the path thy Saviour trod.
Come now, come now,
Thy Father longs for thee,

Thy sorrows crush thee, Satan tempts thee sore,
Retrace thy steps, oh hesitate no more.
Come now, come now,
While He is calling thee.

My Father's power can break the devil's chain,
Thy Saviour's blood can wash away sin's stain.
Come home, come home,
There's rest and heaven at home.

4 THEN AND NOW.

BY H., NEEPAWA.

TUNE—*Palms of victory.*

I saw a band of soldiers
Marching along the street;
The day was hot and dusty,
And tired were their feet.
But still with songs of triumph,
They made the echoes ring,
We are travelling homeward,
To the palace of our King."

CHORUS.

Palms of victory, crowns of glory—
Palms of victory I shall wear.

And then upon the corner
They told how Jesus died;
And that it was for all the world
That He was crucified.
"We once were deep-dyed sinners,
And served the devil well;
And trod the sin-stained, downward road,
That leads from earth to hell."

SECOND CHORUS.

I've got the victory, I feel the glory,
I've got the victory in my soul.

I felt I was a sinner,
Unwashed by Jesus' Blood;
And that I ne'er should reach that home
Of joy, and peace, and love.
So I followed to the barracks,
'Twas only a little way;
And, bless the Lord, that afternoon
He washed my sins away.

God bless the dear old Army,
Wherever it may be;
I know it's going to conquer,
And set poor sinners free.
I'm glad I am a soldier,
To God I will be true;
And fight for Him until I die,
'Neath the yellow, red and blue.

5 WONDERFUL LOVE.

LIEUT. BECKIE BLOSS.

TUNE—*I am so glad that Jesus loves me.*

Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him,
He died on the Cross my poor soul to redeem;
Oh! it was His love made Him suffer for me.
Wonderful love, oh! how could it be?

CHORUS.

Wonderful love, oh! how could it be?
How could it be? oh! how could it be?
Wonderful love, oh! how could it be?
The love of my Saviour to me.

Jesus loves me and this moment I know,
My heart has been cleansed and is now white as snow;
Jesus Himself reigns there now all supreme,
He is my Saviour, my Lord, and my King.

Jesus loves me, oh what joy fills my soul,
To know this moment He maketh me whole;
Oh! what a comfort to know He is mine,
Feeling within me His Spirit Divine.

6 LET ME SEE THY FACE.

BY STAFF-CAPT. MARSHALL, NEW YORK.

TUNE—*Rocked in the cradle of the deep; or, I can, I do believe in Thee.*

My Jesus, all seems very dark,
No light or joy my soul can see;
My spirit seems to be the mark
Of all the devil's archery.

CHORUS.

O Jesus, let me see Thy face,
And let Thy wondrous mighty grace
My heart and spirit keep aright,
That I stand faithful in the fight.

I know Thou ever hast in view
My happiness down here on earth;
Thy mercies they are ever new,
And all of precious priceless worth.

So help me now to learn Thy will,
And all that Thou dost want to teach,
Then good will come from seeming ill,
That shall to many thousands reach,

Take a peep into the pages of the current Young "Soldier," and secure a copy weekly.

The Big Meetings.

This week we are able to give the correct dates of the big meetings to be held next month in the Queen City. A glance at page sixteen will give our readers more information, and while this is merely a preliminary announcement, we hope in a few weks to give details of these special times, together with particulars about the railway rates. It will be seen that they will take place at the same time as Toronto's great Industrial Exhibition, thus giving officers and soldiers a better chance of attending them, and while the thousands are flocking in to gaze upon the products of the soil and industry, we shall endeavor by the power of God to show far more wonderful and real exhibitions of men and women who have been delivered from their sins. No doubt we shall have a lot more to say about these meetings in future issues. This is only a call to arms. Be on the watch-tower for further revelations.

The names of those Officers and Soldiers selling 20 War Crys (and over) weekly, will be inserted in the future.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

PROMOTIONS—

Lieut. Georgina Davies, without appointment, to be *Captain*.
Cadet Noel J. H. Green, of Lippincott Garrison, to be *Lieut.*
Cadet Rachel Earle, of St. Johns, Nfld., Garrison, to be *Lieut.*
Cadet Fanny Clarke, of St. Johns, Nfld., Garrison, to be *Lieut.*
Cadet Elizabeth J. Quick, of Lisgar Garrison, to be *Lieut.*
Cadet Dora J. Heliman, of Rosemount Garrison, to be *Lieut.*
Cadet Clara Howcroft, of Yorkville Garrison, to be *Lieut.*

APPOINTMENTS—

Capt. Davies, to Acton.
Lieut. Green, to St. Thomas.
Lieut. Earle, to Little Bay, Nfld.
Lieut. Clarke, to Carbonear, Nfld.
Lieut. Quick, to Lindsay.
Lieut. Hellman, to Parkhill.
Lieut. Howcroft, to Paisley.

D. H. REES, Commissioner.
Territorial Headquarters, Toronto.

WAR CRY
SATURDAY, AUGUST 8TH, 1891.

Still Successful.

From various newspapers received in the Editorial Department, we gather the glad news that the Commissioner's welcome meetings in Quebec and Eastern Ontario have been attended with success. Officers who have gathered at the various Councils, and those who have attended the public demonstrations, have received great help and spiritual benefit. This naturally leads us to look for wonderful times when our beloved leader visits the great North-West, the Maritime Provinces, and Newfoundland, and we urge upon every Salvation warrior living in these parts, the great necessity of making the Commissioner's welcome visit a matter of urgent and effectual prayer, so that the whole Dominion shall thus be benefited thereby.

The 12th the Date.

We have decided to issue the Special Exhibition and Anniversary WAR CRY on Saturday, Sept. 12th. By a perusal of this issue our readers will gather lots of information about this special number, and we would urge upon every Staff and Field Officer the great importance of sending in their increased orders for this CRY at once without fail. Then we also want lots of interesting matter from our readers so as to be able to fill it from beginning to end with all kinds of wonderful exhibits of the power of God in delivering people from their sins. Our officers can help us a great deal in this way. With a pull altogether, we shall accomplish something grand in this special effort to issue a special colored WAR CRY.

The Great "C. P."

As promised last week, we have in this issue inserted quite a lot of matter in connection with the great demonstration held in London last month. True, the news is rather late, but for all that it is good news, and we are convinced that the hearts of our officers, soldiers, and friends will be very much cheered as they read the glowing accounts of what transpired at the "C.P." Ere this issue reaches our readers, our beloved General will be nearing the shores of Africa. We shall not forget him, and while conducting his great meetings in Africa, Australia, and India, the Canadian Wing will bear him up to the Throne, praying fervently that God will make him equal to every battle in which he engages. We understand that he had a wonderful send-off at Southampton, many steamers, loaded with Salvationists, accompanying him to the vessel "Scot," on which he sailed far out to sea. Those of our readers who want to know the field state of the world-wide Army can get this information by looking at another column of this issue.

MORE ABOUT THE C. P.

Next week's CRY will contain the account of the great welcome meeting of the C. P. It is very interesting, and contains news of the latest developments of the war all over the world.

War News!

BY WARRIOR.

Welcome to the new heading.

Welcome to "Warrior."

Henceforward "Warrior" will pen these notes.

I have heard that the Commissioner is had good times in the East. Further particulars later on.

At Montreal a thousand people gathered to listen to our leader as he spoke of matters in connection with the General's Scheme.

The *Journal* of the Imperial City devoted quite a space to an account of the Commissioner's life, as well as to his welcome meetings.

The *Montreal Witness*, too, gave a good report of his meetings in that city.

I understand the Commissioner attended the camp meetings held at Belleville, and had a good time there.

In a few more weeks the great September meetings will be upon us. Doubtless the dates are given on the back page of this. If not, look out for them.

Of course every comrade will fervently pray for the spiritual and financial success of these Anniversary meetings.

Then, while praying, do not forget to put in a word about the special colored Exhibition and Anniversary WAR CRY. Oh, it will be a startler!

It is to be issued on September 12th, and the Editor wants lots of interesting matter for this special number, but he must have it right away.

As, during this month, exhibitions and fairs will be general throughout the Dominion, this number ought to have a very wide circulation. As usual, its price will be 5 cents.

The recent excursion to Lorne Park in connection with the Toronto City Corps was very successful. Nearly 500 adults and 85 children took part.

A very successful series of camp meetings has been held at Berlin. Thousands of people entered the grounds. Brigadier Spooner reports that it was a success in every way.

Major Morris has also led some special camp meetings at Portage la Prairie. God set His seal upon these meetings, and great good was accomplished.

General Secretary Rawling has just completed a six days' tour, conducting special meetings, in which many souls got saved.

The Rev. G. W. Kent, rector of one of the Eastern churches, recently preached a most thrilling sermon on "Darkest England," which may be inserted in a future CRY. God bless this reverend gentleman.

I understand there is to be a wedding in connection with the Toronto V. corps on August 12th. If you wish to know who the contracting parties are, go and see.

A friend recently sent twenty-five cents to Headquarters, which is to be expended in giving away five WAR CRYS. God bless him,

It is a fact that Capt. Daymond has recently entered into the bonds of holy matrimony with Ensign Miller, of New York. The event took place in that city on July 28th.

In the column of notes last week the late War Scribe hinted in some of the WAR CRYS that the Special Exhibition number was to be issued on the first. This was wrong. The 12th of Sept. is the correct date of this issue.

Staff-Capt. Marshall recently enrolled four soldiers and dedicated five children at Montreal II.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Simco had a grand time in Winnipeg recently. The Winnipeggers helped liberally, and were greatly interested in the work among the French Canadians.

Staff-Capt. Sweetman has been cleaning knives and forks, and doing many other kinds of general housework at Watford.

The Rev. Mr. Totton was present at the opening of the new barracks at Goderich.

Brigadier Philpott has sent a batch of very interesting news about the recent camp meetings held in his Brigade. Read them.

The Montreal D. O. has also given us a batch of news about his recent travels in the Quebec Province.

This WAR CRY is mainly filled with news in connection with the wonderful C. P. Demonstration held at the Crystal Palace, London, Eng.

I think it is a good idea, as doubtless many of our readers, who were not able to be there, will like to read the account of it.

The various news from the D. O.'s, recently received for insertion, will therefore appear next week.

I am given to understand that it rained nearly all the day, but this did not dampen the spirits of the blood and fire warriors, for it was a wonderful time.

Take a good square look at the Competition List this week. Our female D. O. is getting an introduction to the Commissioner. She has earned it, for the WAR CRY is evidently booming in the Western Brigade.

The Reverend Mr. McGillvray recently took part in an Army meeting at Kingston. He is a lover of the Army.

I understand that a future week's front page is to be devoted to an illustration and life-sketch of one of our St. John's, Nfld., comrades. The illustration is immense. The Newfoundlanders are not forgotten.

During the great National Education Demonstrations recently held in the Queen City, Mother Florence bombarded one of their meetings, giving away old copies of "All the Worlds," which doubtless did a lot of good.

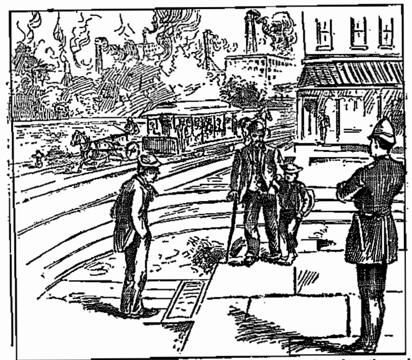
Capt. Coombs, of Toronto II., has been having six o'clock knee-drills on Sunday mornings. Fifty gathered together at the first early meeting.

The Kaleidoscopers have recently visited Buffalo, N. Y., and in an early issue I hope to see an account of their wanderings in Yankeeland.

Now, it will really pay you to have a good look into the current Y. S. It is a beauty. Watch the Competition List especially. There is some fighting going on among the D. O.'s at present.

The Camp Meetings on Wells' Hill are in full swing.

I understand that in future issues of the WAR CRY Competition List the Training Garrisons will occupy a space by themselves. Now, ye Training Garrison officers, to war!



Recently the Editor was riding on a street car, and in passing a busy thoroughfare he noticed a blind man on one side of the street who with his stick was trying to pick his way across the street. A little newsboy seeing the blind man's difficulty hastened to his side, and seizing his arm, led him safely to the other side, while a policeman, who should have lent his assistance, stood looking on. Don't put a damper on the Juniors' Warfare, but let every officer do his or her utmost to push it, not forgetting the sale of the *Young Soldier*, the sale of which is rapidly rising.

I understand that the Commissioner attended a meeting with the French Canadians when in Montreal, and that this meeting was conducted entirely in French, Capt. Joe Elliott being interpreter.

I have received a letter from the Captain, in which he says, "I am scholar, *En Avant* Editor, F. O., D. O., General Secretary, but God is my sufficiency."

Staff-Capt. Bonnett is to lead a monster Juniors' Jubilee at the Wells' Hill Camp, which will be very attractive. It will be held on Friday, August 7th.

The article about the "Wonderful invention," by Capt. Shea, of Newfoundland, will probably not appear in our columns, so that readers will kindly note this, and not feel disappointed.

In a recent War Note the Scribe stated that an old dying lady was heard to say, "About the first thing I shall look for when I get to heaven will be a WAR CRY." This is wrong. Her son told Capt. C. that the first thing his mother would look for in heaven would be a CRY.

A TREAT.

TORONTO VIII.—Thank God we can again report victory. One more came to our Jesus to get clear of sin and God delivered him. Brigadier Margetts, with his selected singers, gave us a visit on Thursday night, and it was a real treat. Some of the friends said they would like to see them every week, but we are believing to be able to give them another treat next week.—Capt. GEO. DOWELL.

"SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN"

Ten Days Camp Meetings at Berlin."

So said the posters that were put around the town, and I, your humble servant, with Staff-Capt. Sharp and a number of other officers, were announced to be present to conduct them.

A splendid grove with maple trees was kindly lent to us by our friend, Mr. S. Snider. This, being within the town limits, was very accessible for the towns people. The grove is one of

The Most Delightful Spots

of God's creation. Two years ago it would have been useless for the Army to have thought of going under canvas here, as public opinion was so much against us that it would not have been safe. But our German friends since then have got to understand us, and many of them to love us for our work's sake, for many poor souls have been saved from sinful lives and are now living for the glory of God, and the interest taken in the Army is increasing. God bless the Germans.

They Are a Proper Lot.

At each meeting we had, the interest increased, and the crowds went up.

Some six thousand people passed through the gates to the grounds on the first Sunday, and some seven thousand on the second, and the morning and afternoon meetings through the week went up from fifty to one hundred and fifty, and the night meetings from 250 to 500, and at almost every meeting souls were seeking the Salvation of God.

While the collections for the first week-end only amounted to $13, the last week-end they were $75. This was given by the taking of it up inside,

Not at the Gate,

nor at the tent entrance. So my readers will have an idea of the increasing interest in the meetings, and we had no disturbance worth mentioning. This is really wonderful when two-thirds of our congregation were Germans and unable to talk English.

The Galt Brass Band did good service the first week-end, and the Guelph Brass Band the second week-end.

The power of God was mightily with us from the beginning to the end of the camp, and came so upon us all that we hardly at times knew whether we were

In the Body or Out.

Some, at times, would be lying on their faces under God's Spirit, at other times they would be leaping and jumping for joy, and then again weeping and pleading with God on behalf of the unsaved. Oh, it was glorious! The crowds were at times spell-bound, and would stand in awe looking on at those at the mercy-seat getting saved. With such power and such pleading, the conversions were real, and it means something for some to get converted in Berlin. I will give you one instance.

A young lady came to the afternoon meeting, and with a

Broken Heart and Contrite Spirit,

came to the mercy-seat and got grandly saved. In an hour it seemed to go all over the town, and crowds turned up to the night meeting to see her, and although nineteen years of age and lawfully able to decide for herself, her father came with a policeman to arrest his own daughter because she had left his religion without any power and got a religion, the power of which really saved her soul.

In counting up, I find that thirty-four souls sought the Salvation of their souls, and scores received light and power to walk in the light.

March on, Berlin comrades, victory is yours. Yours to help.

J. SPOONER, Brigadier.

CHIEF SECRETARY'S NOTES.

The Chief Secretary (who, we understand, will in future be responsible for these notes) very reluctantly consented to the farewell announced in the first paragraph of this column in last week's CRY, but when the Field Secretary positively declared to the C. S., (who had just told him what he purposed doing) that it would be difficult to make a column consisting of notes on Field matters *only*, the C. S. thought that it looked like an admission that the F. S. had been *nibbling the grass growing on his neighbor's ground*, and came to the conclusion that it would be more in order for the C. S. (who, it is said, has a general licence to nibble everywhere) to do any nibbling that will be necessary.

• • •

The Headquarters Staff meeting led by the Commissioner previous to his departure for Ottawa, Montreal, Brockville, Kingston, etc., was, to my mind, just the kind to set everyone present longing for more like it, for some plain words were spoken and some real work done, which made us feel more than ever the importance of not only *having* but *retaining* that spirit of love and devotion which, above all else, is indispensable. It is very gratifying to know that these meetings are *looked forward to*, and that so much interest is manifested in them; and where there is determination to allow nothing to prevent attendance, it is certain that such determination will be amply rewarded.

• • •

Communications to hand from Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Simco, are very encouraging, and show that they have been convinced, as we were convinced long ago, that the West is not the *worst* part of Canada to be dropped down in—*au contraire*, they strengthened our opinion, that the people there are always there when they're wanted. Our French leaders are very pleased with the reception and the success they have met with, and we expect to see them come back like Joshua and Caleb from Eshcol, not only with a good report, but loaded with the fruit gathered there, in the shape of substantial help and increased sympathy for the French work.

• • •

The Rev. Malcolm MacGillivray, of Kingston, has spoken in a very commendatory manner of Salvation Army operations. He says, "It does not trouble itself about speculative questions. It comes to the solution of them in a better way. It puts its hand at once to the work of reform and rescue. It preaches the love of God in Christ, and works among the tempted and lost, and glorious results follow. The Army work the world over is its divine authority; its usefulness is its apostolic seal. So long as it preaches Christ, the revelation of what God is and of what men may be, so long will it carry out the Master's wish and make itself an indispensable power in the world."

• • •

We are pleased at the way the Ottawa "Journal" speaks with regard to the disturbances which have been made recently in that city by some lads who, it would appear, have been trying to have things very much their own way, and it is to be hoped that the authorities will promptly check the first attempt at a repetition of these disturbances, as, unless this is done, it will seriously reflect upon those whose duty it is to protect us.

• • •

I have seen the front page of the Special Anniversary and Exhibition CRY, and if I am not very much mistaken, the efforts that are being put forth to make this CRY a success must result in the production of one, if not the finest of papers we have ever had. It is to be printed in three colors, and will be profusely illustrated. The Editor is on the look out for your contribution.

• • •

The programme for the Anniversary Meetings next month is now in hand, and in a little while we hope to make known through the CRY what will take place. There will be no lack of meetings for everybody, and I understand that there will be several new departures, new songs, and new faces. It will be a grand opportunity to accomplish a mighty work for God. Let us make the most of it.

Montreal Manœuvres.

D. O. Marshall gives War Cry Readers an Idea of His Recent Wanderings in the Quebec Province.

Dear War Cry,—Being so cramped for time of late, I have been unable to tell you anything about our doings in this Province, but with joy I take my pen to tell you that we are having victory.

Assisted by Mrs. Marshall lately, we conducted the Saturday and Sunday meetings at No. I. with great satisfaction. In the morning Holiness meeting there were eight who showed their willingness to leave the world and

LIVE ON GOD'S LINE,

which, by the grace of God, we were enabled to show them was very straight. You can have a Holiness meeting at No. I. without making it all yourself, as there are some people here who know what Holiness is, and can talk about it. Our other meetings were well attended, and at night we rejoiced over seeing sinners at the Cross. We also had a soldiers' meeting on Tuesday night, which was a time of refreshing, from the presence of the Lord, and the next Sunday night seven souls centred their all on Jesus.

Next day was our day off, having chartered a boat, and made all arrangements for an excursion and basket picnic. Everything was in our favor. God gave us a lovely day, and soon

ABOUT FOUR HUNDRED OF US

were on board. It was a success in every way, and everybody was satisfied. The ... meeting on the grounds was beautiful. Everybody was free, and when the collection was taken up they threw $10 on the drum-head in a few minutes. Captain Elliott and the French comrades helped us nobly. God bless them.

Our Roll-call at No. II. was really a treat. If you want a good time, Mr. Editor, call down and see us at Montreal. [I should like to.]—Ed. Everything is rising, and Capt. Myles is shouting "Glory!"

Our first call outside the city was Coaticooke, where Capt. Goodwin is holding the fort. We arrived just in time on Saturday night for Mrs. Marshall to sing a verse or two, and myself to close. Knee-drill next morning was an inspiring time. A number of the cream from other denominations attended this meeting. I

NEVER FELT NEARER HEAVEN,

and all through the day God was very near, but visible results were realized.

Monday night, being our birthday in this place, we were reinforced by the officers from Stanstead and Sherbrooke. Moses exhorted the people. Morrison hit hard. Fox and Norman kept things lively generally. Mrs. M. sang, and altogether we had a joyful time and at the close four souls came to God, among them ex-Capt. McKee. May God bless him. Coaticooke is in good shape, and reports show eight souls for the week. Captain Goodwin is looking after things in right style. Keep to your knees, comrades, and before you are one year older you will be much larger.

Stanstead Junction is only a very small place, but it is surrounded with other places; so that we are within reach of a large number of people. Anyhow, we had a full house. We were all pretty tired after our drive, but had a good time. Next night, at the outpost,

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE WAS PACKED.

I enrolled three recruits, and God gave us liberty. We will come again and see you, friends.

Sherbrooke has been the scene of lively times of late, so our expectations ran high, and they were more than realized on the march, as it kept us busy to hear the sound of the drum and cornet above the screams of the children. We got to our hall in safety, had a good crowd and a good meeting. This being one of my old stations, and Mrs. Marshall's first visit, the people were very anxious to see her. No souls, but Capt. Fox is a hard worker, and well backed up by Lieut. Norman. They are determined to have victory. The police of this city are a great trouble to us, but they are more peaceable of late.

Capt. and Mrs. Ashe have only been a short time in Richmond, but seem to have the hearts of the people and the corps well in hand, and I feel confident we are on the eve of better days here. We enrolled three recruits, and two souls sought and found Christ, and I hear from the Captain that they are doing well.

THIS IS A SPLENDID TOWN,

and there is room for a large corps. Live holy, comrades, and claim victory, and it shall be yours.

We board the train next morning for Quebec, and we are met at the ferry by the Captain and Lieutenant, who are in the best of spirits, and look the picture of happiness. The German is all smiles. We are soon up the hill and at the quarters, have something to eat, and then comes meeting time. The crowd was small. A nice turn-out for knee-drill. Holiness meetings are not very large here outside of our own people, but we had a good time with them. The soldiers here all court war, and, thank God, the number is increasing. The Captain lately enrolled five. With a little more fire and zeal for souls, my comrades, you can move Quebec, and don't rest until you do it.

Our march in the afternoon was delightful, nearly every soldier out, and not a bit of disturbance—everything as quiet and orderly as it would be in Toronto. All the people of Quebec need is to understand us, and I believe our trouble in this city will be at an end. They are

LARGE-HEARTED, WHOLE-SOULED

people, and love the Army very much—those who know us.

The night meeting was a good one, and well attended, notwithstanding there being so many of our friends away in the country.

On Monday, a very dear friend of the Army's drove up to the quarters with his horse and carriage, and drove us out to the cemetery and all round the ancient city, which we enjoyed very much. May God bless all our friends and save all our enemies, then we will have a good time everywhere.

Monday's meeting was the best of the series, both for liberty and spiritual depth. The Captain's and Junior Sergt.-Major's duet was very nice, after Captain got the right music. Mrs. Marshall's guitar and singing was a great attraction.

We left the next day via the C.P.R., and arrived home safely, to hear that Montreal had suffered considerably from

A BIG FIRE IN THE EAST,

and also the cheering news that Commissioner Rees was going to visit Montreal on the following Thursday, July 23rd, to start a Salvation blaze, which we are looking forward to and expecting, and doing all that lies in our power to bring to pass.

Next night we went to No. II., and this finishes our trip. As we alighted from the street car, Mrs. Marshall, Capt. Glass, the baby and myself, we were greeted by a volley. From the march we returned to find a packed barracks. Capt. Myles says, "I have four soldiers to enroll, and five children to dedicate." We had an old-time free-and-easy for half an hour. The band here is improving, and they told me quietly they are going to increase their numbers again shortly. Look out, No. I., for your laurels, for they are on your track, and Lieut. McKenzie is doing all that lies in his power to help the boys. Mrs. Marshall read the rules, and then the comrades stepped forward and were enrolled in

PROPER BLOOD-AND-FIRE STYLE.

A song and a few words from Capt. Tovell, who was in the city on business. Captain Glass told us, in her own earnest way, how much she really loved Jesus, and the young A.D.C. kept saying nothing all the time.

The next scene was the dedication, and it was a beautiful sight as the five children stood on the front of the platform, side by side, arranged according to their ages, the mother holding on to the hand of the smallest, the father standing beside the oldest; and as we read the service and gave them over to the Lord, the power of God seemed to settle on the people, and we believe there was much done for God through the service.

Mrs. Marshall spoke, and brought the meeting to a close. No. II. was never in as good a condition as it is at the present time, and we are expecting before long to have fifty real Blood-and-Fire soldiers, and a brass band with twelve instruments, and we will have it. We are all well saved, and Jesus is all we require to make life enjoyable, our work a pleasure, and this world a heaven as far as we are concerned. Yours, as of old, Steve.

NOT AT ALL FRIGHTENED.

WALLACEBURG.—Almost the first words that greeted my ears as I went to my first meeting here were these, "Well Lieut., aren't you scared to come here, you know you have a big devil to face?" Well, it would take more than the devil to scare me, for I know that God, Who has helped me in the past, is going to be enough for me now. We are having good meetings. Since last report, we have had three souls saved and three have got sanctified. God's Spirit is working among the people, and we believe that this is only the droppings of the shower that is coming.—Lieut. Lillie Le Drew.

THE MINISTER TOOK PART.

KINGSTON.—We praise God for His continual presence with us. Since last report, several have knelt at the penitent-form and found an all-pardoning Saviour. Hallelujah! Last Thurday, the Rev. MacGilivary, of the grand Chalmers Church of this city, took his stand upon our platform, and gave a grand, soul-stirring address, speaking often of the noble work our S. A. had done. On Sunday, we welcomed Ensign and Mrs. Dawson into our midst. God spoke loudly through them, and much interest was shown as the Ensign spoke of the work done in the P. G. H. in Toronto. We believe God will make them an abundant blessing to us. Amen. Capt. Annie M. Golden & Lieut. C. V. Sale.

CORBETT'S POINT CAMP MEETINGS.

After pulling down tents at Peterboro', and shipping them, we are soon on our way to Corbett's Point, where we again pitch for another ten days' battle. On our arrival at Whitby, we find the tents have arrived all O. K. Bro. McTaggart, with his team, soon landed us at the Point. The good reports we had heard of the place made our expectations run high, and now we have arrived. We find it is, as the D. O. said, "a beautiful spot." Captain Rock and your humble servant, after pitching a sleeping tent,

Spent the First Night Alone.

excepting the mosquitoes, which proved lively company in the midnight watch. The morning was fine, and a number of our comrades came to help on Friday. By sun-down we had our tents all up, and the meeting tent seated, and on the morrow the roar of the Salvation guns is to commence. The lake, the beautiful pine trees, and everything else, seems to make this a noted place. A number of officers arrived on Saturday, including Capt. Fry, with a batch of Cadets from the Bowmanville Garrison. At eight o'clock the D. O. gave out the first song. Not a very large crowd had gathered, but with music, song and praise, we had

A Good Lively Start.

"Knee-drill every morning at seven," is the D.O's orders. The crowd started to gather early on Sunday morning. Some had driven a good many miles to get to knee-drill. No wonder the blessings were rich. All day the rigs kept coming, until it was like a big fair. The Lord of Hosts was there to do the needed work, and the meetings were times of special power and blessing. The truths of God were dealt out, and many were blessed and helped, and two knelt at the Cross for the day. We closed, giving God glory for His presence in our midst. After the large crowd of rigs got away from the grounds, we all retire for rest. At six o'clock on Monday morning the bugle blows for knee-drill, and the Lord met with His people. At ten, officers' council; at three, holiness meeting; at eight, free-and-easy.

Tuesday followed with the same amount of meetings as Monday.

Wednesday, the first of July, was announced for a big field day. But, as

Our Modern Zaccheus

put it, "the Lord thought he would send rain on the first," and it did rain. But our tents are good, and thus we did not suffer any, only it kept away our crowds, as it poured and rained until about noon, yet our plucky comrades from Tyrone and Port Perry faced the storm and landed all right. God bless them. Mrs. Beatty and Captain Gale also arrived from Peterboro', and the meetings were

Times of Great Blessing.

On Thursday, some of the boys made rafts, but their work only being temporary, they got a ducking. Capt. Fry, with her seven Cadets, farewelled to go home to their corps, and Staff-Capt. Banks arrived with six more Cadets.

At the afternoon Holiness meeting, Mother Banks read the lesson from the 15th Psalm, "Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle, He that hath clean hands and a pure heart." Mrs. D. O. Beatty soloed, "Saviour, my all I surrender," and spoke on the conditions and fruits of Sanctification. Some were near the border of the "inner circle," as Staff-Captain Banks termed the blessing of Sanctification, but were not quite willing to pay the price, and went away sorrowful. At night,

The Thunder and Lightning

kept away the crowd, but a few came in spite of all, and it was an old-time Glory-be-to-God affair, some dancing, some shouting and marching round the tent.

On Friday, there was a terrible storm of wind and rain. The waves of Lake Ontario rolled high. Our Tabernacle nearly became a prey to the high wind, but she was just saved. The knee-drill went with a swing. The Bible reading and lesson from the F. O., for Cadets, was gladly taken part in by the officers, and some of our dear General's advice from the F. O. was very edifying, and I trust will be of great help to our dear comrades when they are fully engaged in the fight.

In the afternoon Brig. and Mrs. Margetts arrived, and led the night meeting.

On Saturday, instead of the Holiness meeting, the Brigadier

Led an Officers' Council,

and gave some good sound practical advice. A nice crowd came up for the night meeting.

Sunday was to be the last day. It was very cold, and threatened rain, nevertheless a large crowd gathered from long distances. The Holiness meeting was a heart-searching time; some were seeking the Blessing, while others were rejoicing in the fact that they had got it. We had good meetings all day, and closed up, praising God for a few days of spiritual blessing and power, which He had helped us to spend in His service at Corbett's Point. The folks around got very kind to us and we shall have a welcome back whenever we have the chance to go. Each went to his or her own corps again, to be a blessing for the Lord of Hosts. Capt. [illegible]

A VISIT FROM MAJOR & ADJT.

CARBONEAR.—I thought this morning I would tell you how we are getting on here. No doubt you are desirous to hear. We are having real good times since coming here with Capt. Janes a few weeks ago. We have had the victory, six souls have professed to get saved. On Saturday and Sunday last we had with us Major and Mrs. Scott and Adjt. Jewer. On the march on Saturday night the lassies had on white aprons and red and blue caps. It made the people stay and look. Blessed times all day on Sunday, good breakfast; Holiness meeting; real boiling over time; afternoon, good crowd, and as some real hot Gospel shots were fired by Major, Adjt. and others, lots of people were wounded, but none killed. We are believing for the time when these wounded people will be killed stone dead. The night meeting was the best time of all. One old woman, who for a long time has been living in sin, came to the Blood and got gloriously saved. Our motto is "ever onward." Keep believing, something better next time.—Lieut. Francis Clarke.

WHAT AN OLD LADY SAYS.

LIVERPOOL.—We are making some progress on this part of the battlefield. The Lord is with us. We do not feel afraid of the enemy. Our meetings are good, and sinners are getting saved. We visited an old lady the other day who said, "I am praying for you that you may have a great revival." She said, "Have faith in God. Don't I wish I was young again, I would go and help you." We felt she really would come to the help of the Lord. We believe those who are younger in years than our dear sister will buckle on the armor and fight for God.—Capt. Hynes & Lieut. Heisler.

IT IS ROLLING.

NORWOOD,—

"Roll the old chariot along,
Roll the old chariot along,
Roll the old chariot along,
And we won't hang on behind."

Praise God, the old chariot still rolls here in Norwood. God is helping us in a wonderful way. Since last report, one soul has tumbled into the fountain and has proved its cleansing power. I feel quite at home, and I am in for victory.—Capt. Alf. Handicott.

THINGS LOOKING UP.

ST. JOHNS II., N.F.—We have been proving God of late to be a rewarder of those who diligently seek Him. In looking back over the past few weeks, we are glad to be able to report victory. God has not only been saving and bringing back the wanderers, but soldiers are being sanctified, and as a result, we see a greater love for souls, more love and unity in the corps, and an increase of power in our meetings. To God be all the glory. Our Soldiers' and Holiness meetings have been wonderful times of blessing and manifestation of the Spirit of God, real pentecostal showers, which would lead some to exclaim as of old, "These men are drunken with new wine." Yes, praise God, with the new wine of the Kingdom. It's the old-time religion, and it is just the thing. As one brother said in his testimony, "Thank God although I belong to No. II., I have a number one Salvation." We are looking, praying, as well as believing, for still greater victories. "Faith without works is dead."—Capt. Jost for Capt. Hendricks.

LOTS OF FIGHTING.

PICTON.—Another week is past and gone, and the war against the devil and sin is still raging. While the devil is doing his best here in Picton to drag souls down to the awful pit, there are also a few of the faithful in Christ, who are doing their best to resist him. Since last report we have been urging the soldiers and Christians on to greater zeal for God and souls, and doing our best to arouse them, as well as everybody else, to the state of the town. We are sorry to say that, although Picton is a beautiful place, and pleasant to live in, yet the devil has things pretty much his own way, and espically the Pride Devil. He is also making a desperate effort to make an entrance into our own ranks. We have declared vengeance against him, in the name of God, and are going in for victory. Last night one more precious soul ventured her all upon Jesus, who freely forgave all her sins, bidding her go in peace and sin no more.—Capt. [illegible] and Lieut. Hamilton.

NEWFOUNDLAND NOTES.

Lieut. Pynn, at Pilley's Island, sends in thirty names of recruits for enrollment, and three prisoners were captured.

Bird Island sticks on four more to its roll.

One more laurel for the Enquiry or Detective Department of Headquarters, Toronto. A little while ago a sorrowing mother came to us asking us to help find her boy, aged thirteen, who stowed away on a steamer and went to Canada. Word has just been received that they have found him, much to the mother's joy.

Nearly all our men soldiers have gone to Labrador for the summer's fishing. We have sent two officers there to look after our people and get the others saved.

LaGrippe continues to rage in the West. Sixteen funerals in one week at Fortune. Two soldiers buried in one day. The officers have been sick with it, but are recovering.

We have had a general change of officers all over the Island.

In coming from one corps the officers sailed about twenty miles in an open dorey, and in spite of the oil soits, they were drenched by the water, as the sea was very rough.

We have orders in for twenty-five bonnets, while scores, I might say, have asked if we had any in yet. Capt. Yorke, of Harbor Grace, will order about ten more when they come. It will take about fifty at one slap to supply them all, besides the ... for other goods. Well, keep believing. "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly," said David.

Lieut. Watson has gone to Harbor Grace to help roll the old chariot still faster there.

Capt. Jennings has arrived from Canada, and is helping Adjt. Taylor at St. Johns I.

They dedicated two children there a few nights ago.

No. II. had a "First Thought" meeting, which was a success.

The Garrisons are doing well. Six cadets have been promoted and sent into the Field, and new ones are filling their places in the Garrisons.

Our shop window looks very nice with

"THE SALVATION ARMY.
NEWFOUNDLAND HEADQUARTERS."

in white enamelled letters.

"Are you saved?," made out of white paper letters stuck on the shop door, catches more than the eye of many passing by, which makes them sigh and say "Oh, my! how is that for hi?" Scribe.

* * *

Adjt. Jewer (or as some little boys will call him, Mr. Jewer) and myself arrived at Bonavista, where we had a good time and saw three souls brought to Jesus.

Our first meeting was a little stiff, but things got shook up a bit on the Sunday, and reached to boiling pitch in the prayer meeting at night. We enjoyed it tip-top.

The walk of five miles brings us to Bird Island Cove, where we have a proper little corps, full of

LIFE,
LOVE, and
LIBERTY. Hallelujah!

We had two good meetings here, but no souls. Capt. Spencer and Lieut. Soper are believing for great victories this summer.

Uncle Ben, of St. Johns I., says he didn't eat nor sleep for three days when he got sanctified, he was so filled.

Catalina is next on the list. It is nine miles to Catalina, and long ones at that. However, we arrived O.K., and

"Bathed our weary feet,
In the water that was sweet."

A welcome meeting had been arranged for the Monday night. A good crowd turned out, and three souls were captured for King Jesus. Hallelujah! The glory got into our feet as usual, and away we went, praising our Lord and Master for the victory.

The "Conscript" arrives a little sooner than we expected, and I am now home safe and saved. Hallelujah!

We are going ahead. Jesus is giving us the victory. Glory to God!

Major Tom W. Scott.

THE MUSKETEERS' VISIT.

BROCKVILLE.—We are able to report a good week of victory, praise God. Since our last report we have had three forward for pardon. The Musical Musketeers were with us for Saturday and Sunday, and everyone was delighted. Several said, as they left the Victoria Hall on Sunday, it was worth a dollar, and one individual said he would not have missed it for five dollars. A lady did give a dollar, and quite a few twenty-five cents. If they come back to Brockville we can promise them a hearty reception. We are having large crowds to our meetings, both outdoors and indoors. God is working on the hearts of the people. We are expecting great things when the Commissioner comes to visit us. I will let you know what kind of a time we have.—Capt. J. C. Ludgate.

UNITY IS STRENGTH.

PRESCOTT.—After being laid aside for some time, we praise God once more to be on the battle field fighting for Him at Prescott. In some ways the fight is hard, but God is helping us, and ere long we believe to see many who come to our meetings and weep on account of their sins, come to our Christ, the Great Deliverer. Soldiers are going in for more of God, and, altogether, we are gaining ground. United, we are going to do all the good we can.—Capt. Evans and Lieut. Hamilton.

The Kaleidoscope Brigade

VISITS AURORA.

Be it known unto all men, that in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-one, in the seventh month and the eleventh day of the month, the Kaleidoscope Brigade, from the Salvation Army Headquarters, in Toronto, started out to wage a deadly warfare against the devil and his followers in that part of the country called Aurora, and being twenty-five miles north of the city of Toronto.

And it came to pass that Mr. Florence, (better known as "Dad"), and Brother Palmer of Lippincott Street corps, had prepared rigs to convey us to the aforesaid town. Vain would be the attempt of the writer to tell you the

Many Incidents which Happened

on that memorable twenty-five-mile drive, but needless to say, we arrived at last without any bones being broken, but with every member in proper trim to shoot at the devil at first sight.

Capt. Kennedy welcomed us, and in a very short time we were "suppered" and on our knees in the barracks, beseeching our Heavenly Father to pour out His Spirit upon the place, and also to bless our efforts to win some one to Himself.

Plug hats were the attraction, and as we stopped on the corner for a short open-air, a large crowd collected, and listened to the truths put forth. The inside meeting was a good one.

Dad Made Things Lively

and hot for the devil. Mr. Palmer hit out from the shoulder. The music, singing, and testimonies were enjoyed by all, and, as we closed, we retired to our billets believing for a big time on the morrow.

"Hello Dad! hello, there! Are you coming to knee-drill?" was the first question I heard Ensign Raffe ask, as he entered the quarters on Sunday morning, and very soon Dad was on the move.

The soldiers and people of the town were rather surprised to see us leave the barracks at 7.15 for a march. "Oh," said someone, "this will make the devil kick," and thought I, "Oh, Lord, grant that it may!" The men and women who won't serve God don't deserve to have any sleep till they do serve Him.

The Holiness meeting was one of blessing and power.

The Heat was so Intense

that our prospects for a crowd in the afternoon were very poor, yet we had a good open-air, and on arriving at the barracks we found it filled, even to the gallery, which, I am told, has not been opened for three years.

"Glory to God!" was the shout as we entered, and very soon the meeting was going with a bang. Frank Morris and "Our Bob" soloed the Brigade gave their Jubilee Singing Battle, several "Ranters" testified, Captain McMillan read, and we closed one of the best meetings we have had. It was announced that we would give "From Manger to Throne" at night, and at 7.45

The Building was again Packed,

despite the intense heat. As the people followed the songs and readings, and were led to view Him Who was born in a manger, Who sought to bless and heal the many He came in contact with, Who was taken and cruelly murdered, put to death, that He might satisfy the demands of justice, and open a way of deliverance from sin for every human being, God touched their hearts, and, although moved to tears, yet they would not yield their hearts to Him.

We were forced to close this series of meetings without seeing much visible result, yet I feel that God has been glorified, and the seed sown shall bring forth fruit. The meeting closed, and our teams ready, we bid our many friends good-bye, in the words of the hymn, "God be with you till we meet again," and away we start on our return journey to Toronto.

Arriving at 2 a. m. on Monday morning, we thanked God for His presence and blessing, and also prayed that our visits from time to time may redound to His glory in the salvation of precious souls.

Koix.

Western Ontario Brigade Camp Meetings.

Seaforth, 10 days.

"Heigh, ho, heigh,
Just you listen till I tell you who I am.
I'm a blood and fire soldier, my sins are all forgiven.
My sins are washed away by the blood of the Lamb."

I tell you, Editor, we are having some great times up this way. Camp meetings draw the crowds, and make things hum this warm weather.

I think I shall send you a few notes from the woods.

Bayfield is the spot for a real S. A. man to have a good time, both in body and soul. The kindness of the people was beyond description while camping in their village.

Bro. Whidder, a general merchant, placed his beautiful orchard at our disposal, and with his kind wife, did all in their power to make us happy, and I assure you we just rolled over in the clover.

Some six or seven sought Salvation, and ten or twelve Sanctification. Crowds and collections were fair.

Forest is our next set out, and it was a set out, more especially the last night.

There are a fine lot of unsaved boys in this town, and some day they will make soldiers of Jesus. They love the S. A.

Strathroy has been fully reported, so I will go on to the next, but in passing must say that the Captain and Lieutenant worked hard and helped us nobly. The dear soldiers also are bricks, and we all feel thankful for their great kindness.

Seaforth. We had a good time in this place. They are a grand lot of people, and it is a splendid corps of soldiers.

Bro. Beam did much to lessen our expenses, and will always have a warm place in our heart.

Mr. Bettie, a whole-souled Methodist, lent us his grove right in the town, and did all he could to make our meetings a blessing, and we all join hands and say from the bottom of our hearts, "Thank you, Brother Bettie.

Mr. Andrew Crawford, of the G. T. R., Stratford, favored us with his presence, and gave several addresses. He is an old resident of this town, and the people all seemed pleased to see him again.

He is most original, and fully given up to his Master, and believes in pushing things. While one brother gave a deep testimony, it seemed to fire Andrew's heart, and he jumped to his feet and shouted, "Up with the flag to the top of the pole, throw your hat up, and give God all the glory!"

In his prayer I heard him say, "Lord, let there be a thaw, then there will be a flood, and down will come the logs."

Well, I think this prayer was answered before the second Sunday morning Holiness meeting, for out came eleven seekers.

God sent wave after wave of power over us, and it was good to be there.

On Sunday night one sister was struggling under conviction. Her sister got right in front of her, and blocked the way to the mercy seat. She stood up and made an effort to pass, but the proud, haughty sister grasped her by both arms, but God was too much for the devil, and out she came. Another followed her.

A brother sought pardon, and his wife told us that things were changed at home. No swearing, no smoking, but family prayers.

Jack, the converted drunkard, made everybody feel that Christ could save from the drink.

He told us the soldiers found him in a lumber yard, covered with snow, and took him to their barracks, stopped with him all night, and joy came in the morning.

The rain made our crowds a little small on one or two occasions, but we thanked God that the devil was not running the weather, or we would have all been drowned long ago.

The Scotch orator gave a talk on Thursday from the startling subject, "The cause of the downfall of one of the women killed by Jack the Ripper."

It drew a large crowd, and proved a success, and no doubt would be much greater if delivered again. I was much impressed myself.

The Hallelujah Miriams did their meeting in fine style, Mrs. Philpott in command. The brothers were *mum* on this occasion.

Our band was light here, as the D. O. was attending to important business that forced him to be absent from us.

We strike Wingham to-morrow, and our faith is up for a rattling stir.

The Misses Jones, colored jubilee singers of the U. S., are resting at their home near W. and we expect them for a Sunday.

Look out for a boom. God bless you, Editor! We do pray for you.

P. W. P.

ABOUT GRAFTING.

FEVERSHAM.—No doubt you all have seen or known something about grafting. The grafting I have reference to is the union of man with Christ. There have been four lately united with Christ, or the the True Vine, since you last heard from us. The branches that were ingrafted some time ago are still abiding, and are bearing nicely. Yours, to continue.—Capt. D. J. Perry.

THREE IN THE FOUNTAIN.

PELLEYS ISLAND, NFLD. — Praise God for victory. Since opening this place, we can report good meetings. We have twenty-five Blood and Fire soldiers waiting to be enrolled. Hallelujah! God gave us a wonderful time on Sunday all day. In the afternoon, although very wet, we had thirty-five on the march, and at night three precious souls in the fountain. This is only the droppings, look out for the showers.—Lieut. Pynn.

SHE OBEYED ORDERS.

WINCHESTER.—After saying good-bye to Knowlton, I obey orders and proceed here, where I was made to feel right at home by the reception the comrades and kind people gave me. The Lord bless them. We commenced in the strength of God to do all the injury we could to the devil's kingdom. As yet, we have not seen any visible results of our work, yet God is on our side and He is more than all that can be against us. We are believing for mighty victories in this place.—Capt. Nora Harding.

FIVE SOULS.

UXBRIDGE.—Praise God, we have had a week of victory. On Saturday and Sunday we had with us Staff-Capt. Beatty, who arrived in time for the open-air. We had a wonderful crowd, and the people seemed to drink in every word that was spoken. Good meeting inside, and one soul. At Sunday morning's knee-drill, God blessed us all, and one came to Jesus to find peace. In the Park in the afternoon, God gave us a large crowd and a blessed meeting, also a good time at night. Three souls on Thursday night, making five for the week. To God be all the glory.—Capt. A. Barker.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

BRUSSELS.—We are having victory here in many ways. Our open-air meetings are good, especially on July 13th. Hundreds of people stood and listened to us as we bombarded the town, and told them of the Christ of Calvary. They responded by giving us a drum-head collection of over $4. We thought it a good plan to clear off our debt, so we had dinner in the barracks for the visitors, and the debt is no longer a burden to us, or the landlord either. God is keeping his soldiers fighting, and I am well saved, although I have lost Lieut. and Cadets for a while.—Capt. Frank Freeman.

THE ANGELS REJOICED.

TILSONBURG.—Praise God. I arrived here and found Lieut. holding the fort. Our meetings have been very good. The dear Lord has been speaking to some hearts. Prodigals are returning home. Sunday was a good day. From early morning God was very near. Five wanderers for the day. I am sure the angels rejoiced and sang a welcome home. We give God all the glory and march on to victory in the strength of our King. Hallelujah! — Capt. Massecar and Lieut. Williams.

QUICK, MARCH!

PICTOU, N.S.—Orders, by telegram this time, which I received on Saturday morning, saying "Farewell on Sunday; you are appointed to Newfoundland." Well, I did not think of having to leave my comrades and friends at Pictou as soon as this. I am believing for a good time. I have heard a lot about Newfoundland—what a proper lot of people they are, so I am going amongst them, and in the strength of God to do what I can to help and bless them. Last night we had three recruits enrolled. To God be all the glory. The visit of the St. John brass band was quite a treat. I believe all enjoyed it very much. Good-bye all, until we meet in the morning.—Capt. S. Blackburn.

NEVER SAY DIE.

LUNENBURG. — Although you have not heard from us for a long time, still we are moving along nicely in this corps, seeing a few souls saved. We have a band of men and women here who will "never say die." Victory is sure to come.—Capt. S. L. Holman.

The above is the cut of Capt. Bob Smith, one of our indefatigable North-West Outriders. God is giving him great victories, and with his fellow-comrades, Captain Arkett and others, they are accomplishing much good among the Indians and the Mountaineers.

NARSHI GOPAL.

CHAPTER II.

Parvati at this became very angry, and Siva, to appease her wrath, slew an elephant which appeared in a neighboring thicket, and beheading it he placed the head on Ganesh's trunk, hence all images of this deity have an elephant's head placed on a man's body. To console Parvati for this insult all the deities consented that on all occasions Ganesh should be the first invoked.

This is but one of the many legends connected with Ganesh, one of the gods of the Hindoo Pantheon. Accounts differ much, and nobody seems decided which is the authentic one.

The Famous Monkey God.

Another one of Narshi's favorite deities was Hanuman, the famous "monkey god," who according to Hindoo theology, played such a prominent part in the attack made by Ram upon Lanka (Ceylon) to rescue his consort Sita from the hands of the Demom King Ravan.

In the village of Lambal, about seven miles from Anand, was a temple erected in honor of this god, and to this temple Narshi used to repair to do "poojah" (worship). By invocations, accompanied by sacrifice, Narshi hoped to derive much benefit, both in his present and future condition; accordingly he resolved to sacrifice all he was able to give, and one day he started out with a quantity of sweet-meats and a silver rupee.

Only one rupee! do you exclaim; but a rupee meant a great deal to Narshi—reared up among poverty and oppression in a country where a labourer's wages average only two annas per day, equal to about three pence in English money, and to Narshi the sacrifice was a real one. He had gone on pilgrimage to nearly all the rivers in Gujarat; he had cheerfully endured toil and privation; but probably more than all he felt the sacrifice of the little money he had; it may have meant many a hungry day to him, and he looked wistfully at it.

When he started out on his journey he was fully determined to sacrifice his money; but whether his heart failed him, or whether, as Narshi perhaps too readily concluded, the monkey-god, knowing his need, and moved with compassion and pity, returned the offered money, we must leave the reader to decide for himself. But one thing is sure, Narshi had placed the silver coin at the feet of the idol with the sweetmeats; the sweetmeats remained, but the slippery coin rolled down at the worshipper's feet, who gladly received it back with a heart full of gratitude towards the merciful deity.

It would be impossible to give here any detailed description of the different gods of the Hindoo Pantheon with which Narshi connected himself. To say that he had any definite principles of religion would be wrong. His ideas were vague and rude in the extreme, and with that natural spirit of devotion which characterizes the natives of India generally, he bowed down before every image of wood and stone he came in contact with, thoroughly believing in the virtue of the act.

He Worshipped Krishna,

the second of the Hindoo Triad, generally called in the parts of Gujarat where Narshi lived Ranchordji. He also worshipped the sacred Tulsee plant, and drank the water in which its leaves were soaked—he bathed his body several times a day—he did everything to attain his soul's salvation, except cease from sin, and that he was unable to do. His unregenerate soul was often plunged in iniquity—but he sighed to be free.

* * *

The River Mhie, with its high alluvial banks, at places more than a hundred feet in height, its deep ravines and wild scenery, is the principal river of that part of Gujarat connected with our present story. It is held sacred by the natives, who offer sacrifices to it and bring their dead to burn upon its banks. The plundering robber tribes who meet on its shores to arrange their predatory frays; the tigers, cheetahs, and other wild beasts which find shelter in its ravines;

The Large Crocodiles

which abound in its waters, and its naturally rugged aspect, all help to increase that superstitious awe for the river which exists among the natives living in that part of the country.

As it was here, to this river, that Narshi Gopal used to come on pilgrimage, in the vain hope of thus getting rid of his sins, it may not be out of place to give the reader a short description of our first visit to its shores in these parts, and of the funeral pyre so often erected there.

It was in the year 1887. We had been holding meetings in a village close by where we had recently established a corps, and, prompted by curiosity, we made our way through the deep gullies and thick undergrowth towards the shores of the river. It was not long ere we arrived on the summit of its precipitous banks. As we looked around we were struck with the scene before us; it was wild and romantic in the extreme, and one with a peculiar beauty of its own.

The river, winding hither and thither like a silvery serpent, reached far away in the distance. On the opposite shore, standing out against the deep blue sky, was the green, jungle-covered hill of Pavagad, so famous in the history of Gujarat, and the scene of so much fighting and bloodshed, but now in the possession of the wild beasts of the forest, who roam at leisure amid its massive ruins and jungle recesses, while every now and then a fisherman in his little canoe, consisting of the hollow trunk of a tree, came within the vision, and as quickly paddled away from view again.

We were scanning the waters eagerly to see if there were any crocodiles about, and for a time our attention had been attracted by some tall birds, each measuring some five feet in height, which had settled down on a little island in the middle of the stream, and were evidently on the look out for fish, when our attention was suddenly diverted by that low, wailing sound which in India always indicates a funeral, and a few minutes afterwards the funeral party, with their lifeless load, came in sight on the shore directly below where we had taken our stand.

A Funeral Pyre.

It was not long ere the pyre was erected and lighted and the body laid upon it, while several tall, stalwart-looking, black-skinned men, with naked bodies (evidently of the Koli tribe), ever and anon stirred up the burning pile with the long bamboo poles which they held in their hands.

In the meantime, unobserved by us, two huge crocodiles had appeared on the scene, and gradually crept in closer and closer until within a few feet of the pyre. They waited in the shallow water evidently in anticipation of a good meal. They were huge monsters, with large, scaly, jagged-looking heads showing long rows of sharp teeth, and probably measuring some twelve or fourteen feet in length.

Numerous turtle of unusual size also appeared and struggled and tumbled about in their eagerness to be the first to seize the dead man. It was evident, by the nearness of the crocodiles and the indifference of the people, that this was a scene of very common occurrence, the turtle coming right up to the pyre, which was situated within four or five feet of the water's edge.

Before the body was more than half burned a man advanced towards the pyre and with a long bamboo lifted the dead body into the water. This was the signal for a general rush, and for two or three minutes the utmost confusion prevailed. One of the crocodiles diving into the midst of the shoal of turtle

Seized the Dead Body

—a short, fierce struggle ensued, when suddenly the crocodile reared itself high up out of the water with the dead man's head in between its huge jaws—crunch, crunch, crunch went the skull as though it had been but a nut it was cracking in its monster jaws. It was but a moment. The crocodile disappeared beneath the water, the red blood flowed in one long stream along the surface of the river, showing where a soul had gone down—and the scene was over, and we were left to ponder over the things we had just witnessed.

It was another soul gone—gone without ever having heard of Christ and his great Salvation, gone—down from the midst of heathen darkness—gone—where?

(To be Continued.)

The names of those Officers and Soldiers selling 20 War Crys (and over) weekly, will be inserted in the future.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

TO ANY POOR GIRL NEEDING A FRIEND, WRITE TO US. We Will Help You!

To PARENTS, RELATIVES and FRIENDS.

SEND US PARTICULARS OF

(a) Any poor girl fallen or in danger.
(b) Any friends you want to find.
(c) Any young persons you desire to be visited or looked after as to their souls' salvation.
(d) Respectability or otherwise of proposed situations.

NOTICE — Address all letters, COMMISSIONER D. M. REES, Territorial Headquarters, Toronto, Ont. marked "Enquiry."

NEW LIST.

401. Information wanted of MRS. BULLIS, nee HANNAH DAVEY, or any of the children. Last heard of in Chicago, United States, about six years ago. U. S. Crys please copy.—8-8-91.

[illegible] Information wanted of JOHN GILL, who left Balcars, Ireland, 17 years ago to go to Chicago to get married. He wrote home about seven months ago. Relatives are enquiring. United States Crys please copy.—8-8-91.

453 Information wanted of FREDERICK CURRAN, aged over 32 years. He left England in 1884 for America. Trade, boot and shoe finisher. An English enquiry has been received to ascertain his whereabouts. His uncle will feel glad on receipt of news as to his whereabouts. All United States Crys please copy.—8-8-91.

482 Information wanted of WILLIAM MITTON, who married a Miss Mary Ann Calf.—8-8-91.

370 Information wanted of JOSEPH MacMILLAN, who left Portage la Prairie, Man., nearly three years ago. He is supposed to be living at Rat Portage. His sister Lizzie is very anxious to hear from him. U. S. Crys please copy.—8-8-91.

371 Information wanted of WILLIAM COLLINS, formerly of Sault Ste Marie. Last heard of in Owen Sound in the fall of 1882. His mother is very anxious to hear from him, or from any person knowing his whereabouts.—8-8-91.

373 Information wanted of CHARLES A. HOWARD. When last heard from his address was Licking Post Office, Texas County, Missouri, U.S.A. U. S. Crys please copy.—8-8-91.

373½ Information wanted of the sister of GEORGE ROWNTREE. It is supposed she lives in Bradford, Yorkshire, Eng. Last heard of in 1885, at No. 25 Seymour Street, Leeds Road, Bradford, Yorkshire, Eng. English Crys please copy.—8-8-91.

374 Information wanted of WILLIAM DAWKINS, who is supposed to have been in Toronto four or five years ago. His brother Charles, who is living in Charterhouse Street, London, Eng., wishes to be made aware of his address.—8-8-91.

375 Information wanted of CAROLINE CRAWFORD. When last heard from she was living in Hamilton, Ontario.—8-8-91.

379 Information wanted of JOHN MOYES, about sixty years of age. When last heard from he lived at Point St. Charles, Montreal. At the time he resided in Montreal he had a son, by name, Robert, and three daughters. Montreal Salvationists, please make enquiry.—8-8-91.

386 Information wanted of JAMES CORNWALL, aged 45. Height, 5 ft., 6 in. Stout build. Light complexion. Was in Vancouver, B. C., in 1887. U. S. Crys please copy.—8-8-91.

387 Information will be thankfully received of ELIZA THRUHILL, who left her home, Fortune Bay, Newfoundland, more than three years ago, for the purpose of filling a situation in Halifax, Nova Scotia, where she arrived safely. Has not since been heard from.—8-8-91.

388 Information wanted of GEORGE MATHIS, aged 55 years. Height, 5 ft., 6½ in. Dark complexion. Stooping appearance. Last heard of on the 20th December, 1873. He was at that time working at the Albion Coal Mines, Picton, Nova Scotia.—8-8-91.

389 Information wanted of MRS. BARNETT, nee ALICE BOLTON, of Nosterfield, Bedale, Yorkshire, Eng. Supposed to have died in America, but where, the notice of enquiry received does not state. Mrs. Barnett had children. Relatives are anxious to know what became of them. United States Crys please copy.—8-8-91.

390 Information wanted of ALBERT HELLIWELL, aged 15. Three years ago he was sent with other orphans to Canada to work on farms. He was sent out by the authorities of the Leeds Union Workhouse in England.—8-8-91.

391 Information wanted of JOHN JOLY, 54 years of age. Laborer. Was at St. Thomas, Ont., Can. We have been asked by our people in England to make enquiry.—8-8-91.

397 Information wanted of the whereabouts of ELIZABETH DUCK, last heard of in Peterboro', Ontario. Peterboro' Salvationists, and others, please make enquiries.—8-8-91.

323 Sarah Wright would like to hear from her mother, MRS. CHARLES WRIGHT, or MARIA WRIGHT, who has not heard from her for nearly five years. She then lived in Skullthorpe, Eng. U. S. Crys please copy.—8-8-91.

399 Information wanted of THOMAS LUNNEY, who left his home, near Watford, Lambton County, in August, 1879, to work on one of the lake steamers at Sarnia. His parents are very anxious about him; they are very old. United States Crys please copy.—8-8-91.

REPRINTED FROM LAST WEEK.

163 Information wanted of MILES COLMAN RANDLES, who left Sussex, New Brunswick, in 1862. Last heard from about 4½ years ago. He was then in New York, age about 16½ years, about five feet in height, complexion fair, blue eyes. His mother is very anxious about him. United States Crys please copy.—1-8-91.

336 If NANCY HAYES or McNABB will call at the Salvation Rescue Home, 189 Victoria Street, Toronto, she will hear of something to her advantage.—1-8-91.

339 Information wanted of THOMAS CARR, who formerly lived at Mono Mills, near Toronto. A man who went about the country buying horses coaxed him away. He has not been heard of since. The time of his disappearance was five years ago. [illegible] mother is very anxious about him. [illegible] Willie was lost, but has recently been found.—1-8-91.

340 Information wanted of MRS. JAMES [illegible], maiden name ELIZABETH McKINNON, who left her home, Tabusintac, New Brunswick, about [illegible] years ago. When last heard from, she was [illegible] James Byers living in Toronto. Her mother is still alive and would like to hear about her.—1-8-91.

341 Information wanted of CHARLES [illegible]. Last heard of at Port Dalhousie or St. Catharines, Ontario. His sister, who is in New Zealand, and his relatives generally, are anxious about him, and wish to hear of him or from him.—1-8-91.

342 Information wanted of THOMAS [illegible], who left his home in Guernsey, Channel Islands, in May, 1872. United States Crys please copy.—1-8-91.

343 Information wanted of WILL DOWELL and JENNIE DOWELL, and MRS. ELEANOR DOWELL or WILLIAMS, who resided in Whitechapel, London, England, in the year 1871. Henry Williams or Dowell, a son, is in Canada, and wishes to hear of his parents and other relatives. United States Crys please copy.—1-8-91.

344 Information wanted of LILLIAN MARY HARDMAN, aged 17 on 18th November last, complexion fair, light hair, blue eyes. When last seen, hair falling to the shoulders in circles. Had been in [illegible]. Left Toronto, left there about a year or more ago. Left home to go to a situation. May have gone to [illegible]. Mothers name Martha Clark, 171 Munroe Street, Toronto.—1-8-91.

349 Information wanted of CHARLES [illegible] WADE, of Belle Isle, Annapolis County, Nova Scotia. Left his home over 20 years ago. Was last seen in New York city. His father and mother are dead. He has become entitled to property, and is wanted to claim some. His return home is wished for, or his identity authenticated in accordance with the form of law of the country in which the property is situated. All Crys please copy.—1-8-91.

350 Information wanted of CHARLOTTE REBECCA HARRISON, who came to Canada from England in 1864. When last heard from, 24 years ago, was in Point St. Charles, Montreal. Officers of Province of Quebec corps, please take special notice of this enquiry, and enquire in re and oblige the enquirer, Joseph Harrison. United States Crys please copy.—1-8-91.

351 Information wanted of ISAAC BROWN, age [illegible] years. Last known place of residence, [illegible] Richmond Street, Toronto, (whether East or West Richmond Street not stated.) Important news awaiting him.—1-8-91.

352 Information wanted of JOHN SMITH, aged [illegible] years. When last heard of 9 years ago, was mayor of St. Dunston Lake Beauport, Province of Quebec. Would like to know whether he is still alive.—1-8-91.

353 Information wanted of WILLIAM BUTT HOPKINS, aged 35, height 5 feet 6 inches, brown hair, sandy mustache, trade, stonemason. When in England, belonged to the Hearts of Oak Society. Last heard of in Winnipeg.—1-8-91.

355 Information wanted of JOHN and MICHAEL CAVANAGH, aged 30 and 32 years respectively. Left Wigan, England, 19 years ago for Port Hope.—1-8-91.

356 Information wanted of THOMAS ROFFE, age 40, height 5 feet 8 inches, rather bald. When last heard of, was with a farmer named Louis Hagood, stock breeder, Rosedale Farm, Nissouri Post Office, Ontario, Canada.—1-8-91.

357 Information wanted of EDWARD HARRISON, age 40 years, complexion fair, height 5 feet 10 inches. Last address, 88 Landsdown Avenue, Parkdale. His mother has died.—1-8-91.

360 Information wanted of WILLIAM HENRY APPLETON, age 23 years, height 5 feet 7 or 8 inches, thick set, well educated. Had been a schoolmaster. Supposed to be in the Western United States. United States Crys please copy.—1-8-91.

363 Information wanted of CHARLES GOSLING, who left England for Canada three or four years ago. His last address was Merrival Post Office. It is supposed that he is a Salvationist. It is requested that officers of corps throughout Canada and the United States will please take notice. United States Crys copy.—1-8-91.

364 Information wanted of one MORAN and ANDREWS, by trade, coach builders. PATRICK MULKIS, a carpenter, BRENNAN, a tailor; one BURNS, of Densel Street, London, England; one JONES of Great Brunswick Street, London; and GEORGE CRAIG, of Scotland, by trade, sculptor and mason. All United States Crys and all foreign Crys please copy.—1-8-91.

365 Information wanted of MRS. GEORGE A. FORD, the wife of George H. Ford. Her maiden name was JENNIE MAY WHITNEY, 24 years of age. She left Norwood about the 15th day of January. Has not been heard from since. Her husband is the enquirer.—1-8-91.

THEY WILL BE TRUE.

PARRSBORO, N. S.—Just a few lines this morning, to let you know how we are getting along in this part of God's vineyard. Well, I believe we are advancing. Three weeks have passed since we came here, and three souls have come to God and professed to find forgiveness, which I believe they did. Soldiers and officers are more determined than ever to be true to God and the S. A. We mean to do all we can to lift up the fallen and bring the lost to Jesus.—Capt. CLARK.

A MISSIONARY FROM AFRICA.

ST. STEPHEN.—Four weeks have gone by since coming here, and during that time we have been able to rejoice over six sinners seeking Salvation, and seven prodigals returning home. Miss Faulkner, a lady Missionary from Africa, gave us a very interesting talk on the work in that country, which was enjoyed by all present. We are believing for greater things in the future. Yours, fighting.—Lieut. EDGECOMBE.

SHE MARCHES NOW.

HUNTSVILLE.—Praise God, He is giving us the victory in this place. We are having good meetings and good crowds. On Saturday night one dear sister came and got right with God. She was on the march and platform Sunday night. Just as we were going into the prayer meeting, a man from the back of the hall came and fell at the feet of Jesus, who forgave all his sins. Glory to God!—Capt. and Mrs. BOXALL.

"Our Auxiliary Corner."

During the past few weeks, while we have been denied the joy of welcoming many new members into our League, our hearts have been gladdened by many kind and helpful letters.

One of our Auxiliaries from Morrisburg, writes, "Sympathy costs little, but is of priceless value, it has moved me many a time, and I have no doubt many souls are in heaven now, and others are on their way, and still others will be won, because someone has been encouraged to go on by the sympathy of others, when perhaps ready to give up in despair. My sympathy is with you, and my prayers are for you."

"Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep," is a command which is binding upon every follower of the Great Sympathetic One. For are we not all members of His body, and "Whether one member suffer all the members suffer with it, or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it."

The world needs more sympathy, and can we refuse to speak a kind word, nay, to go farther, as words sometime mean and cost very little; and let our words be put into action, and in some practical way show that there is a true ring in what we have said.

* * *

Another S. A. A. from Hamilton says. "I herewith enclose $5, renewal subscription to the S. A. Auxiliary. There is nothing I subscribe to with as much pleasure as to this. The privilege of wearing the badge is, to me, worth ten times at least the amount of the subscription, as during the year it has given me repeated opportunities of dealing with both saint and sinner. When asked "What does the S. A. A. you are wearing mean?" I invariably say, I am an Auxiliary member of the Army, and thereby have the privilege of walking and kneeling with them in the street, and giving my testimony in the open-air."

I am afraid some of our members are living beneath their privileges. We would advise all our friends to obtain a badge similar to the one which has been the means of so much blessing to our comrade. In seeking to win others for Christ, we are ourselves wonderfully strengthened and helped. "He that winneth souls is wise." "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

"Not at death I shrink or falter,
For my Saviour saves me now;
But to meet Him empty-handed,
Thought of that now clouds my brow."

Shall your crown be bright with jewels, or with empty hands and saddened heart will you meet Him Who saved you, not only that you might reach heaven, but that you might lead many others to find in Him their all in all? Opportunities are offered to us to-day and gone to-morrow, will we redeem the time, or shall they pass by unimproved? God help us to "be instant in season and out of season." Since our friend spoke of the privilege of wearing the S. A. A., we have been thinking of the meaning of the little tri-colored ribbon attached to the badge, and of the responsibility it places upon all its wearers. Perhaps the meaning of the colors are familiar to you. Red, the precious Blood that cleanseth from all sin; yellow, the fire of the Holy Ghost which baptises us for service; blue, purity the "pure in heart shall see God."

Are you living up to this standard? If not, there is a fountain open for sin and uncleanness. His Blood is sufficient to cleanse from all sin, and His power is able to keep you from falling.

* * *

We extend to all our Auxiliaries and friends a most hearty invitation to attend our camp meetings, which are now being held on Wells' Hill. Any of you who were privileged to attend the meetings last year, will, we are sure, rejoice at the opportunity of again spending a few hours at that delightful spot—made sacred as the birthplace of many precious souls.

There will be an Auxiliary corner there, and we hope you will find your way to our little tent, where we will be delighted to receive you. Will not some of our members entrap their friends into this tent, when we will endeavor to lay before them the advantages of the League in such a way that they will leave the grounds members of our much loved S. A. A.

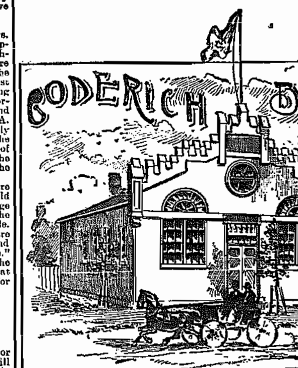
"According to your faith be it unto you." Auxiliary No. ———, in a letter received the other day, says, "I thank God and take courage for succeeding in getting one to join our Auxiliary League, enclosed find $5 for the same." When we are successful in our efforts, we are encouraged to attempt greater things. May your faith be greatly strengthened by seeing many of your friends converted into Auxiliaries during this present camp meeting. Yours in His service. E. A. M.

The Salvation Army Forces

At Home and Abroad.

1891.

Names of Countries, etc.	Corps.	Outposts.	Officers.
Canada and Nfld......	307	78	1069
U. S. and California..	415	68	1202
South America........	10	6	44
Australia	303	517	1063
New Zealand..........	70	109	219
India and Ceylon......	116	109	504
South Africa...........	54	4	168
St. Helena.............	1	1	2
France & Switzerland	123	90	427
Sweden................	122	49	461
Norway................	56	1	201
Denmark...............	40		114
Holland................	48	19	181
Germany...............	20	8	75
Belgium	8		44
Finland................	8	1	22
Italy	4	1	10
Foreign Total.........	1705	1049	5800
British Total..........	1383	152	4649
Grand Total...........	3088	1201	10449



GODERICH BARRACKS OPENING.

Nearly Two Hours' Open-Air—The Commissioner's Welcome.

GODERICH with fresh lake breeze and shady trees, is without doubt a fine place to spend a

Hot First of July.

To a Salvationist it was this year a specially attractive spot, for there were announced grand teas and music, and the opening services in connection with

The Fine New Barracks.

The Commissioner, his private secretary, and the W.O. Brigadier were announced for Strathroy, and the D.O. as well, so the Brigade Secretary was detailed to supervise the proceedings of the great day as a sort of John the Baptist, and prepare for a greater day to follow. I arrived at the scene during the forenoon and found officers and soldiers busy preparing viands for the feast.

A look around the barracks and among the baskets assured us that there was

A Rare Treat in Store

for the epicure, and good times for the Goderich soldiers. Everybody else seemed to enjoy the same prospect, and in looking back over the scene, we believe they enjoyed the realization.

By 3.30 p.m. we were on the "Square," which appeared to have more sides and corners than any square we ever saw before. We had a lively and enjoyable open-air until five o'clock, with a big crowd around, who gave us a fair collection, of course, and then we invited them to come along to the tea, or banquet, I should say, for it was

A Spread Worthy of the Name.

Some of us sat around those tables a long time discussing the subjects before us, and then we reluctantly left them to the mercy of our successors, and as we revisited the scene of the conflict occasionally we were reminded of the saying, "It was fun for the boys, but death to the frogs—(cakes)."

A good march preceded the night meeting and a good meeting followed the march. The barracks was not crowded as there were so many outside attractions, and so far as we could see, the Goderich folks, like a great many more, are lovers of pleasure more than God. Officers and soldiers were present from Stratford, Mitchell, Exeter, Bayfield and Wingham, and we had no small time. Capt. Werry, B.S., read for the lesson part of Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the Temple.

Rev. Bro. Totten,

of whom you have all doubtless heard before, prayed and spoke in a way that did us all good, and Bro. Mason, of Wingham, distinguished himself as a soloist and organ manipulator.

I have neither time nor space to recount all that was said and done, but the Lord was there and blessed our souls, and after some prayer and exhortation and finding no one willing to surrender to God, we committed ourselves to Him and said good night, to meet again on

Thursday, the 2nd.

The Commissioner, Brigadier, and Staff-Capt. Acum came in on the morning train, and were escorted by their forerunner to the comfortable and happy home of dear Mother Smith. God bless her. The morning was taken up with business, and at 3 p.m. a goodly number had met at the barracks for a Holiness meeting, which, it is almost needless to say, was a blessed season to every soul. This over, we found a second banquet awaiting us, and as delays are dangerous, we soon ushered ourselves into the prayer-room at the back of the platform, where the tables were laden with burdens, of which they were so soon and speedily to be relieved.

I think the march must have been a relief to some and a good preparation for enjoying the night meeting, which was the occasion of the formal dedication of the building to God by the Commissioner.

[A fuller report of the opening of this barracks appeared in our issue of July 25th.—ED.]

Anvil Sparks in and Around Hamilton.

BY EUPHONIUM.

I heard a man who recently got converted say, "I thank God I have not lost anything in weight since I gave God my heart and joined the Army. I have gained fifteen pounds. I thank God that I got salvation without money and without price. Salvation, when it is applied right, is a cure-all for every disease."

* * *

While on the Market Square the other night, a drum-head collection was in progress. One man said he did not believe in us, but he gave us some money to help us. Another woman said, "Here I am, a Roman Catholic, but I give you this," and dropped several pieces of money on the drum. Glory to God.

Auntie Moore, in her experience, said, "About five years ago a friend of mine took me up to the Salvation Army to see what they were. But when I got there I found that they were people. When they sang, I liked them, and when they prayed I liked them better. My sins were wrapt tight around me, and I sat there like a chicken on a hot griddle, so miserable. When the invitation was given I got up, and I says, 'Oh, Lord, here comes nothing.' I got on my knees, and the more they prayed and sang, the lighter the burden of my sins seemed to be. God did roll away the burden, and I am saved and kept by the grace of God.

* * *

While on the march the other night there was a man driving a very spirited animal. The man held up his hand in motion to stop the beating of the drum. The beating was stopped, and when the march got beside the horse so that he could see what was coming, he was all right. The man in the rig said, "Beat ahead now, he sees you." It is very clear to me that if anyone who has any objection to the Army would only take the trouble to look at it and look at its work, they would be convinced that they are right and be induced to help roll the old chariot along faster.

* * *

A dear old lady, who works every day for her living, walked three miles on Sunday morning to knee-drill, gave her testimony before sitting down, and danced for joy. The Captain said there were some who did not live half a mile away and could not get here. Poor souls! I believe you, Captain.

Notes from the St. John Division

BY D. O. COUSINS.

Ho! for Yarmouth. A pleasant sail, a night waking and sleeping, and we arrived safely about 6 a. m., without going to "Europe" on the Bay of Fundy.

David's been very busy. He has got barracks painted outside and the quarters fixed inside. The hall painted up-stairs—in fact, a general wash-out-fix-up-and-look-nice-inside-and-out-appearance.

"Money we are after, friends," said David. "That's so," chimed in someone. That's what was needed. I guess David got it. He was after it before we arrived, while there, and after we came away.

"How good and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Three brothers all saved, all officers, proper Salvationists, happy together and seeking the lost. "Oh, how good!" said someone.

Good meeting, an enjoyable time. Who could help enjoying themselves at Yarmouth? Six out for cleansing, one for salvation. Three souls next night and victory since.

"I do love that little girl" (meaning the Captain), said Uncle Joe. "She is my mother. I am glad to see her back. She put my name down at the penitent-form, Jesus keeps me good and happy."

The little Captain dropped her head and blushed, but she was glad above measure to be in Yarmouth after being away four years. I guess she had a good time while here. We felt bad at leaving and went to "Europe" before going home.

"Oh," said Susie, "why did you speak to dat red Indian?" The little girl mistook the Lieutenant with his long hair—thought he must be an Indian. Perhaps he has thought himself a "Wise-man" to get it out before this.

There were two enrolled at Digby the other night—a man and wife. Some more coming on. Hope they will be ready soon. Greatly in need of new barracks here. Hope they will have one soon; friends and and money needed.

The Annapolis Valley is lovely at this season. Numbers of visitors flock there for health and pleasure, more would if they knew its beauty and qualities. It is the "Paradise of the East"—balmy breezes, natural scenery, with abundance of fruit. Pleasing is the sight and lovely.

We had a nice meeting at Lawrencetown. Good crowd and tears, but no souls. Mother James looked well after the body. She is what I call a proper churchwoman.

"I was a covenant-breaking professor but I came to Christ and He saved me, giving me His spirit, and now he daily helps me to live right good." Bro. H., keep thy promises; break no more vows.

That was an enjoyable excursion from Annapolis and Digby to Bear River, they turned out well at Digby. They must like cherries. I believe they did justice, eating all they could, and took a lot away in boxes.

Bear River's the land where the cherries grow, black, red, ripe and rosy in abundance. All enjoyed themselves. The town was stirred. Splendid meetings in the grove, good crowds, rousing marches, saints and sinners joined in, proper united jubilee to wind up.

"War Cry" & "Young Soldier"

COMPETITION LIST,

FOR ISSUE OF AUGUST 1st, 1891.

THE FEMALE D. O. INTRODUCED TO THE COMMISSIONER.

Brigadier Jacobs' Great Fall.
Brigadier Philpott's Bold Effort.
The Hamilton Brigadier's Great Calm.

Down Goes the Moncton Division—Up Goes the S. C. Division—D. O. Gray's Bad Defeat — D. O. Sweetman Does Good Work —Adjutant Collier's A Step Backward.
The St. John N. B. and Woodstock Divisions Level.

LISTOWEL, BROCKVILLE, BRANDON, VANCOUVER, & TORO.—TO VIII. DESERVE CREDIT.

COUNTIES. HALIFAX II., SYDNEY, GEORGETOWN, P. E. I., AND ST. JOHN, P.Q., ALL DO BAD WORK.

†Eastern Brigade, Brig. Jacobs	7540
*East One-Quo. Brigade, Brig. Glover	5565
*Central Brigade, Brig. Margetts	5215
*Western Brigade, Major Morris	4790
Hamilton Brigade, Brig. Spooner	4730
*West Ontario Brigade, Brig. Philpott	4195

DIVISIONAL CHAMPIONS.

Winnipeg Ban.) Capt. Alkenhead	**800**
Victoria (B.C.) Capt. McIntyre	**750**
Montreal I (Montreal) Capt. Watson	**635**
St. John I (St. John) Capt. Andrews	580
Toronto II (Toronto) Capt. Coombs	475
Hamilton I (Hamilton) Capt. Hunter	455
Kingston (Kingston) Capt. Golden	420
Fredericton (Moncton) Capt. Boyer	400
Peterboro (Peterboro) Capt. J. Gale	400
Halifax I (Halifax) Capt. Hett	400
London (London) Capt. Jones	375
Guelph (Woodstock) Capt. Turner	350
Chatham (Chatham) Capt. Gibbs	340
Ottawa (Ottawa) Capt. Connett	330
Barrie (Barrie) Capt. Miller	210

*TORONTO DIVISION.

ADJUTANT ADDIE in command.

Toronto II	Capt. Coombs	475
Toronto V	" Gerow	455
Toronto VI	" Clark	410
Toronto I	" Dyson	305
Toronto IV	" Wadds	295
*Toronto VIII	" Dowell	205
Toronto III	" Moss	200
Owen Sound	" Milner	195
Toronto XIII	" Soldier	190
Toronto VII	" Broadbelt	140
Toronto XI	" Westcott	135
Toronto XII	" Warder	130
Markham	" Smith	100
Orangeville	" Miles	85
Brampton	" Jones	80
Shelburne	" Moor	75
		3425

*BRITISH COLUMBIA DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPTAIN GRAYSON in command.

Victoria	Capt. McIntyre	750
*Vancouver	" Fritz	650
New Westminster	" Coulter	535
Nanaimo	" Fraser	400
Calgary	" Hilts	370
		2530

*LONDON DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. SWEETMAN in command.

London I	Capt. Jones	375
Stratford	" Mahon	185
Goderich	" Scarr	170
London II	" Wright	150
†Listowel	" Elliott	150
Seaforth	" Branigan	140
Sarnia	" Smith	140
Petrolia	" Cowan	135
Palmerston	" Armstrong	125
Strathroy	" Pepper	110
Forest	" Slote	100
Wingham	" Moore	90
Mitchell	" Blackerby	90
Clinton	Capt. Hayes	90
Wiarton	" Barber	85
Watford	" Fisher	80
Parkhill	" Parker	75
St. Marys	" Francis	75
Brussels	" Freeman	75
		2440

†MONCTON DIVISION.

MAJOR BAUGH in command.

Fredericton	Capt. Boyer	400
Charlottetown	" Fraisham	200
Moncton	" Hughes	190
Woodstock	Capt. Watson	180
Chatham	" E. Allan	175
St. Stephen	" Brooks	170
Spring Hill Mines	" McLean	165
Pictou	" Blackburn	150
Amherst	" Larder	150
Newcastle	" Leavitt	150
Summerside, P.E.I	" Allen	115
Campbellton	" March	100
Parrsboro'	" Wolvens	95
St. George	" McLean	90
Hillsboro	" Gordon	75
		2410

*MANITOBA DIVISION.

MAJOR MORRIS in command.

Winnipeg	Capt. Alkenhead	800
*Brandon	" Lowry	500
Portage la Prairie	" Rennie	290
Neepawa	" Isaacson	170
Selkirk	" Oram	150
Carberry	" Edmunds	120
Emerson	" McGill	125
Morden	" Gordon	125
		2280

†HALIFAX DIVISION.

ADJUTANT COLLIER in command.

Halifax I	Capt. Hett	400
Windsor	" Desbrisay	215
New Glasgow	" Hinkley	210
†Halifax II	" Bent	200
Liverpool	" Hynde	165
Halifax III	" Ashford	150
North Sydney	" Richmond	140
Dartmouth	" Davis	140
Acadia Mines	" Perrin	130
Westville	" Wright	125
Truro	" Boggs	110
Lunenburg	" Holman	80
Stellarton	" Hollins	80
†Sydney	" Davis	75
		2240

MONTREAL DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. MARSHALL in command.

Montreal I	Capt. Watson	635
Quebec II	" McGinness	250
Sherbrooke	" Fox	180
Montreal II	" Styles	175
Belford	" McKee	115
Chesser-ville	" Tuvell	110
Lachute	" Osmond	100
Coaticooke	" Goodwin	100
Maxville	" Liddell	100
W. Winchester	" Hastings	100
Waterloo	" Crowe	85
Cowansville	" Batten	85
Richmond	" Ash	75
Knowlton	" McClanaghan	75
		2185

KINGSTON DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. MCINTYRE in command.

Kingston	Capt. Golden	420
Cannanoque	" Bradley	285
Belleville	" Barber	210
Cobourg	" Worr	160
Napanee	" Kers	150
Lindsay	" Craig	110
Bloomfield	" Whyta	110
Deseronto	" Cameron	105
Picton	" Forsyth	105
Campbellford	" Cardiff	100
Trenton	" Brokoshire	95
Brighton	" Grainger	90
Norwood	" Handicott	85
Tweed	" Vanhuskirk	75
Bath	" Waldron	75
		2125

ST. JOHN. N. B., DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. COUSINS in command.

St. John I	Capt. Andrews	550
St. John V	" Em. Matthews	325
Yarmouth	Capt. D. Creighton	225
St. John III	" Byers	140
St. John II	" McNamara	130
Digby	" McDonald	130
Carleton	" Larder	120
Fairville	" Allen	115
Bear River	" Roach	115
Bridgetown	" Allen	115
Annapolis	" McLean	100
		2065

WOODSTOCK DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. SHARP in command.

Guelph	Capt. Turner	350
Galt	" Ashton	300
Woodstock	" Savage	250
Ingersoll	" Mutton	250
St. Thomas	" Gardiner	200
Berlin	" Fisher	140
Ayr	" White	140
Paris	" Cargill	135
Tillsonburg	" Mawson	115
Norwich	" Harrison	100
Acton	" Scott	75
		2065

PETERBORO DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. BEATTY in command.

Peterboro	Capt. Gale	400
Port Hope	" McKenzie	225
Bowmanville	" S.-C. Banks	210
Oshawa	Capt. White	200
Lindsay	" Butler	150
Whitby	" Murray	100
Uxbridge	" Barker	75
Omemee	" Cass	90
Millbrook	" Stockton	85
Cobourg	" A. Marshall	75
Fenelon Falls	" Woods	75
Mt Albert	" Wilcox	75
		1720

CHATHAM DIVISION.

ADJT. HOWELL in command.

Chatham	Capt. Gibbs	310
Windsor	" Greatrex	200
Hidgetown	" Hay	160
Essex Centre	" McIntyre	150
Wallaceburg	" Ogilvie	100
Kingsville	" Wolle	95
Dresden	" Dingman	90
Blenheim	" Rowe	85
Leamington	" Sergeant	85
Wheatley	" Hunt	80
Bothwell	" Modge	80
Comber	" Staigers	80
Ambrosburg	" Merlie	75
Thamesville	" McKague	70
Tilbury Centre	" Junkin	65
		1755

*OTTAWA DIVISION.

ADJUTANT LEONARD in command.

Ottawa	Capt. Connett	330
Cornwall	" Webb	300
Perth	" Woolley	250
Smiths Falls	" Payne	200
*Brockville	" Ludgate	190
Morrisburg	" Irvine	170
Kemptville	" Todd	150
Carleton Place	" McKinnon	125
Cobden	" Parker	75
Prescott	" Evans	75
Renfrew	" Martin	75
		1820

HAMILTON DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. SOURBALL in command.

Hamilton I	Capt. Hunter	455
Brantford	" Pink	300
St. Catharines	" M-lby	300
Dundas	" H-ff	300
Oakville	" Stubbs	300
Simcoe	" Dean	300
Hamilton II	" Grace	300
Niagara Falls	" Hewitt	300
Welland	" Thompson	300
		3050

BARRIE DIVISION.

MAJOR CALHOUN in command.

Barrie	Capt. Miller	210
Orillia	" Avro	110
Parry Sound	" Williams	110
Collingwood	" Richardson	110
Midland	" Wiseman	95
Bracebridge	" Boyd	90
Huntsville	" Pike	90
Gravenhurst	" Ellery	90
Huntsville	" Borrell	90
Stayner	" Johnson	90
Hillsdale	" King	75
		1170

NEWFOUNDLAND.

MAJOR SCOTT in command.

St. John's I	Capt. Hendricks	250
St. John's II	Adjt. Taylor	200
Harbor Grace	Capt. Yorke	125
Carbonear	" Jenkins	75
Little Bay	" French	75
Bay Roberts	" Lieut. Moss	75
Bonavista	Capt. Tilley	75
Ross	"	50
		925

GENERAL NOTES.

WAR CRY TOKE:—"*When ye do not suffer for it ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God.*"—1. Peter ii. 20.

Now. I feel sure that many of our comrades do suffer persecution while selling the CRY, and the above verse is a cheer for them.

I am sure also that the joy comes through selling Salvation Army literature more than makes up for all the hardships of the finish.

I know a certain Toronto officer who walks miles every week into the country selling the CRY, from farm house to another. He loves doing so, and is therefore successful.

In fact, he has just come into my office, and while telling me that he was tired, I could see by his countenance that his heart is in this kind of work.

So is a cause for great cheer and encouragement to know that although the weather is warm and the crowds coming to the barracks small, yet the circulation is rising. Glory to God for the interest taken in the WAR CRY.

I am sure the Editorial Department will continue to make it more and more interesting, as well as deeply spiritual, so that subscribers, readers, outsiders and sinners and all kinds of people, will gladly welcome and devour every week.

Then the Editor was telling me that the Staff officers are taking more interest in writing for its columns. This is a cheerful sign. There is nothing like co-operation.

What that Exhibition CRY will be like I cannot know. However, there is to be a special one issued in Sept., and I understand it is to be printed in colors. Oh, it will be a starter! I should think it would give something for it which can be illustrated.

It will be filled from beginning to end with all kinds of wonderful and marvellous exhibits of God's power to save and liberate from sin, drink, and the devil. A thousand writers are wanted for this special issue. Now, you do your share.

Of course it will be issued during the Exhibition season, so that it ought to sell well, not only in the City, but in every city and town in which an exhibition is held. It would be a good plan for officers to send in their increased orders for this special number. May God set His seal upon this issue.

God is evidently helping officers and soldiers to sell the CRY on the streets, and I am very glad to notice that the soldiers are to have a space to themselves under "Our Honor Roll." That, too, is a good idea.

The soldiers' names appear under the division in which they live, and the names of the officers will also continue to be inserted. God bless the street, War Cry sellers, and every other War Cry boomer.

I notice in this week's illustration, that Major Morris proudly introduces his brave D. O. to the Commissioner. She has done well and deserves praise.

Other D. O.'s have also accomplished good work, but more about this will be found later on.

About the Brigades.

Still the Eastern Brigade drops down, and Brigadier Jacobs should, without fail, seize his oars and pull up stream, or the tide may be too strong for him.

Slow and sure Brigadier Glover climbs the ladder. Although Brigadier Jacobs is at the top, there is a chance of his taking a lower round yet.

That was a healthy rise in the Central Brigade. However, I seriously see how Brigadier Margetts means to overcome Brigadier Glover.

Can my eyes be deceiving me? No, for it is too true that the Hamilton Brigade is at the top, still, unmovable, at least this week.

But what is worse than all this is the fact that Major Morris has no worthy things that he has overcome Brigadier

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Spooner by 60 copies. Now, Friend Spooner, it is yours to act, and act soon, or I fear you will rake the bottom place in the Brigade List. Congratulations, Major Morris.

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I noticed how pleased he looked last week in the boat, accompanied by his two D. O.'s, who were doing their best to pull him to victory, and, between you and me, he will get there yet.

I believe I shall live to see the day when Brigadier Philpott will stand away up the List.

Now, Brigadiers, hobnobbing this great War Cry battle, for in doing so you will be doing a great deal to shake the foundation of the devil's kingdom, for he possesses no great love for the CRY.

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The Toronto Division again. Yes, again it rises. I suppose that Adjutant Addie rises with it, for I firmly believe he means to accomplish that 4,000.

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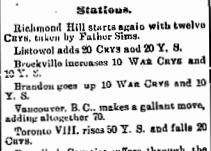
Now, here is the picture of the man who has been so badly defeated by D. O. Grayson. Well, I shall continue to pray for Major Hough, that the tide will turn in his favor yet.



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Stations.

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And I will give you more information next week.

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Mother Florence, with beaming face and unfailing good humor, dispensed tea by the joyful, or the cupful, to all comers, and some of the Cadets did quite a trade in bananas, watermelons, and lemonade.

The two meetings held during the day were excellent. Brigadier and Mrs. Margetts spoke with power and feeling; the music went with a swing, and the solos sung were heartily rendered.

I wonder if my experience during these meetings would be acceptable. At one time, not very far distant, I had claimed Christ as my Saviour; but that time

I am Sorry to Say,

is past.

Wrapped in a cloak of cynicism and unbelief, I had gone to the meeting thinking myself safe, impervious to any stray Gospel shot which might come in my direction. I had gone as an onlooker, not as a participator. But I was mistaken. As the meeting went on, old thoughts, feelings and aspirations, which I thought dead, and buried, and past resurrection, came back and flooded my soul, and in spite of my bitter tears over what seemed to me the irrevocable past.

Then the thought came to me, "Why not have it all put right again now? Why not renew your vows? What better time could you have? Here, under God's tent, you are surrounded by nature in all her summer beauty, come back to your God."

But the Brigadier had said, "We will close the meeting in ten minutes," and something whispered to me,

"The Time is Short,

you might cause delay, so don't do it," and I didn't.

At about half-past seven, we started for home. When we came from the wharf, the boat leaned considerably to one side several times, and frightened some of the girls.

I wondered why I noticed that a party of young ladies playing checkers seemed the most alarmed?

The meetings were renewed on the boat. Adjt. Manton, Mother Florence, and a number more, "held the fort" at one end of the boat and Capts. Clark and Coombs, with numerous supporters at the other end.

I went from one end to the other several times, and every body seemed so happy, so contented, so confident that all was right with them, that it made me feel so lonesome and homesick, that I went on deck, and all unnoticed, had a quiet little cry all by myself.

We reached Toronto about half-past nine, and most of the people went home tired but happy. I went home tired and unhappy with the sad words, "it might have been" ringing in my ears.

The following account of the above outing we cull from the *Globe*, dated July 21st.

AT LORNE PARK WITH THE S. A.

BY ONE WHO IS NOT IN IT.

On Sunday, hearing the announcement that the Army would hold a picnic at Lorne Park on the following Monday, I at once decided to go, get some fresh air, and see how the great S. A. disported itself when "under green boughs."

The next morning, I was up early, scanned the sky anxiously, and then hurried to get my morning's work done so as to be ready in time. At half-past nine, with lunch-basket carefully packed, and a couple of books and newspapers under my arm to guard against possible ennui, I was hurrying down Yonge Street with my S. A. friend. Seeing one of the Temple Cadets selling tickets, we were asking our way towards him, when we were stopped by another lad who asked us to

"Give Riverside a Show,"

which we accordingly did.

We boarded the steamer "Carmona" at the Yonge St. wharf a little before ten o'clock, and a few minutes later were en route for Lorne Park, our destination, Queen's Wharf to take another contingent of officers, and

A Jolly, Happy Crowd

they were. A brass band discoursed S. A. tunes and sketches of song. Hallelujahs and Amens gave back a heavy response. A procession, headed by the brass band, was formed, and they all marched up to the grounds, where the first thing thought of was dinner.

The fair sex have breeds had given every one an excellent appetite, and the crowd soon was dispersed in little knots over the park, doing ample justice to the good things they had brought with them.

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"Give Riverside a Show,"

which we accordingly did.

We boarded the steamer "Carmona" at the Yonge St. wharf a little before ten o'clock, and a few minutes later were en route for Lorne Park, our destination, Queen's Wharf to take another contingent of officers, and

A Jolly, Happy Crowd

they were. A brass band discoursed S. A. tunes and sketches of song. Hallelujahs and Amens gave back a heavy response. A procession, headed by the brass band, was formed, and they all marched up to the grounds, where the first thing thought of was dinner.

The fair sex have breeds had given every one an excellent appetite, and the crowd soon was dispersed in little knots over the park, doing ample justice to the good things they had brought with them.

Mother Florence, with beaming face and unfailing good humor, dispensed tea by the joyful, or the cupful, to all comers, and some of the Cadets did quite a trade in bananas, watermelons, and lemonade.

The two meetings held during the day were excellent. Brigadier and Mrs. Margetts spoke with power and feeling; the music went with a swing, and the solos sung were heartily rendered.

I wonder if my experience during these meetings would be acceptable. At one time, not very far distant, I had claimed Christ as my Saviour; but that time

I am Sorry to Say,

is past.

Wrapped in a cloak of cynicism and unbelief, I had gone to the meeting thinking myself safe, impervious to any stray Gospel shot which might come in my direction. I had gone as an onlooker, not as a participator. But I was mistaken. As the meeting went on, old thoughts, feelings and aspirations, which I thought dead, and buried, and past resurrection, came back and flooded my soul, and in spite of my bitter tears over what seemed to me the irrevocable past.

Then the thought came to me, "Why not have it all put right again now? Why not renew your vows? What better time could you have? Here, under God's tent, you are surrounded by nature in all her summer beauty, come back to your God."

But the Brigadier had said, "We will close the meeting in ten minutes," and something whispered to me,

WAR IN WINNIPEG.

The Travels of Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Simco.

FROM YOUR FAR-WESTERN CORRESPONDENTS.

DEAR WAR CRY,—

We have so much to tell you of the multitudinous blessings which have bestrewed our way since leaving Toronto, that out of the budget our memory has retained, it is hard to know which to present first.

The journey through to Winnipeg was uneventful. We met with kindness and complaisance from all, both officials and fellow-passengers, (the majority in our car being Americans;) we were able therefore to give them quite a lot of information on various branches of Army work in which

Universal Interest was Manifested.

At North Bay, situated on Lake Nippissing, we had a wait of three hours for the connecting car from Montreal, which furnished us a good opportunity of a stroll on the sandy beach, and a quiet talk with the dear Lord about the mission He had entrusted to us in the Far West. All nature appeared bright and hopeful. The sun was shining merrily on the waters, and along the rough shore, where branches and bushes flourish unhindered in wild profusion, everything spoke of

Peace, Growth, and Freedom.

In the little village opposite, a mixed population appear to enjoy themselves in a rough and ready style, with little or no competition from the outside world. We heard both English and French spoken, but both languages alike partook of that rural simplicity that characterises village from city life. Resuming our journey, we found that on board was indeed a cosmopolitan throng of Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, Laplanders, Finns, English and Americans. Four French-Canadian nuns also, and a

French-Canadian M. P.

occupied seats in the same car as ourselves. The latter, although pensive at first, became sociable after a while, and expressed himself as liberally inclined.

At Port Arthur, we met the father of one of our Ontario officers, who seemed glad to grasp a Salvationist by the hand and exchange salutation. A little further on, we met a Methodist minister with whom we had some pleasant conversation. He loves the Army, and wishes us "God-spred" most cordially.

At length we reached Winnipeg, and were hailed by two or three Salvationists who were waiting at the depot, whilst Major Morris was not far behind, to extend a warm welcome to his brigade and its headquarters. Having fallen into the happy Salvationist knack of being at

Home Everywhere,

we were not long before we found our level, being hospitably entertained at Brother and Sister Rankins, the Treasurer of the corps. Posters in every direction apprised us of the fact, that we were expected to lead a four days' campaign as a start commencing on the evening of our arrival, Saturday, July 4.

Captain Aikenhead introduced us to her corps by an old-time march, and a couple of open-air stands, previous to the inside meeting. The band, all there in Army regalia, several of these comrades by-the-bye hailing from Brighton, Congress Hall, "across the pond" are old "stand-byes," and did not therefore show any signs of flagging or fatigue during the six marches, seven indoors, and several open-airs of the next three days.

Between three and four hundred people gathered in the barracks for the

Welcome Free and Easy.

Things went with a swing generally. The Capt. led off a Hallelujah testimony meeting, and everybody had so much to say, that your correspondent began to wonder whether they would get through in time to give us a chance! However, things came off all right, except that we had to close the meeting without seeing any visible results at the penitent-form.

Sunday began well at knee-drill, with a blessed feeling of liberty and spirit of prayer. It was a treat to notice how each soldier took hold of God without any of that waiting one for another, or hesitation, which so often destroys similar meetings. Each one had a definite request to send up to the Throne, and had apparently come on purpose to pour it forth. It was not hard, therefore, to claim victory and blessing for the day's combat after such a knee-drill.

The usual march led up to the 11 o'clock Holiness meeting, when we were again agreebly surprised to see

Such a Goodly Number,

in attendance.

Captain Lowry came in unexpectedly, being on the way to Brandon from Toronto. We were glad of her help, and the soldiers and friends did not fail to give her a rousing North-West welcome in the shape of a volley.

Staff-Capt. Simco laid down the lines of the meeting—nothing short of "Full Salvation"—an out and out life lived for God, springing from the pure source of a purified soul. The Spirit of God led him also to touch on the tobacco question, which it appears had raised a number of doubts of late in some quarters. We trust the truth had the desired effect.

The story of Elijah standing for God against the united array of 450 Baal-prophets, his daring sacrifice of all that was most precious, his conquering faith, and finally the consuming fire which God vouchsafed to send down from heaven, formed the subject of our lesson, and after some more prayer we dispersed until after dinner.

"At the depot at 2.15" was the Captain's rallying stand, and there under the blazing sun of an exceeding warm day,

God's Red-Coated Soldiers

took their stand for Him. A large crowd stood around, and even from the hotel windows and balconies a number of listeners heard the old, old story proclaimed anew. One thing I noticed particularly, was *the alacrity and all-round watchfulness of our War Cry Sergeants.* They did not stand calmly in the ring and enjoy themselves, but seemed to be bent on making the most of every march, and ring, to bombard people on the outskirts, and the public generally, with WAR CRY shot.

I afterwards learned that the Juniors are not less active in pushing their paper. "Five for five cents," as Captain Aikenhead explained, was too much of a bargain to be passed by! As they have a hall of their own, I did not see the little corps, I am sorry to say. It did our hearts good to know that their work is as regularly pursued, in their own way, as the Senior war.

The barracks was nearly full when we started our first song at the inside battle. The heat was intense, and mosquitoes lively, but the large audience appeared to be sufficiently interested, both with the testimonies, choruses, and sketch of

The New Famous Law-Suit

at Montreal, as related by the Staff-Captain, to sit quietly and intently most of the afternoon.

We appealed to the sinners present to seek now the Lord, but no one responded outwardly, and after prayer meeting, we again dismissed, awaiting with earnest expectation the night's meeting.

It was a long struggle too. Oh! how we pleaded, and prayed, and exhorted, and pressed, and begged, and—yes—wept over the people, who in their turn sat weeping also, yet refusing to decide and adding the sin of procrastination to those of the black past. We had to close at last, but how reluctantly! and if it had been any use, how gladly would we have wrestled on till after mid-night for the sake of perishing souls.

Monday evening, we were favored by the presence of Major Morris, who had just returned from

Warfare at Selkirk.

After a splendid march, the indoor meeting was started with a war song. The greater part of it was devoted to the Staff's talk on the tactics of French warfare. Much interest was evinced. This, however, culminated in the most satisfactory issue on the following night when, after a supplementary talk on the exciting scenes, actual battles, riots, stonings, broken heads, explosions, etc., etc., of Quebec fame, Major Morris called upon the audience to prove their sympathy by a show of hands of all who would contribute one dollar each to the furtherance of the war in Quebec Province.

Fifty Winnipeggers

promised the sum asked for in the space of a few short minutes, the Major himself leading the way. We could but praise God for so liberal a response, and felt that it was indeed a good augur of the generosity thermometer in the North-West. A few friends privately also subscribed to the fund we are seeking to raise, and many others promised to help us on our return journey in the fall of the year.

Capt. Aikenhead reported a grand soldier's roll-call on Wednesday night, at the close of which, a woman asked to be admitted, as she was anxious to get saved. She went

Straight to the Penitent-form,

and after confession, rose declaring that her burden was gone.

On Friday night, we were privileged to lead the Holiness meeting. The Lord was with us in great power and blessing, although, at first the meeting seemed a little indefinite. We chose for our lesson the passage in Hebrews relating to the "new and living way" into the Holiest. After some earnest, heart to heart dealing, three brothers and one sister came out and sought deliverance. It was nearly eleven when we closed with that joyful song—

"Now the chains of sin are broken,
I am free, I am free."

We were not sorry to have another Sunday with the Winnipeg warriors, the Major being out also for part of the days' battles. The Staff was invited to speak at Zion Methodist Church, in consort with the pastor, at the evening service, which he did to a large and sympathetic audience. Our own meetings resulted in two souls for Holiness, and two for Salvation at night.

On Monday, we resumed our journey to the Pacific Coast, from whence D. V., we will write again. Devotedly yours in warfare,

NETTIE SIMCO.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT!

LOOK OUT FOR PARTICULARS OF THE GREAT

September — Meetings.

The Dates are SEPTEMBER 12th to 17th, inclusive.

Among the other Wonderful Events will be

A Great Trades' Union March. Wonderful Singing Battle. Big Drum - Parade. Holiness Conventions. Staff and Field Officers' Councils, and an All Night of Prayer.

NOTICE!

All communications respecting the Rescue Work, etc., must be addressed COMMISSIONER REES, Salvation Temple, Toronto, and not Rescue Home, Wilton Ave., as previously.

The Commissioner desires to gratefully acknowledge the following gifts to the Social Wing.

FOR THE LONDON RESCUE HOME.—Bro. Ackford, black currants and raspberries; Friends, turnips, onions, lettuce, peas, potatoes, beans and bread; Mrs. Eggerton, beans; Friend, cherries, currants, cucumbers and radishes; Miss Holmes, ... raspberries; Mr. August, vegetables; Mr. Yeo and Bro. Markham, milk; Mrs. Ross and Friend, beans; Mrs. Burbon, rhubarb and apples; Mr. Onn, fish; Mr. Mc..., fruit; Mr. F. Wiltshire, two baskets vegetables, rhubarb and 25c.; Friend, $...; Friend, $1; Bro. Ross, 50c.; Mrs. Andrews, 50c.; Friend, $1; Messrs. Elson & Mitchetree, meat.

FOR THE VICTORIA RESCUE HOME.—Sergt. Bailey, $1; Bro. Williams, $1; Sister P——, $1; Lady Friend, $1; Mrs. O——, fruit; Bro. Clark, oranges and berries; L. & C., strawberries; Bro. Ward, strawberries; Bro. Niles, Fish.

No. 1 MUSKETEERS,

Under Staff-Capt. Griffiths, will visit:

SHERBROOKE	Aug. 8, 9
KNOWLTON	" 10
WATERLOO	" 11
COWANSVILLE	" 12
BEDFORD	" 13
LACHUTE	" 14
OTTAWA	" 15, 16
MAXVILLE	" 17
CHESTERVILLE	" 18
WINCHESTER	" 19
KEMPTVILLE	" 20
PERTH	" 21
CARLETON PLACE	" 22, 23
ALMONTE	" 24
RENFREW	" 25
PEMBROKE	" 26
BEACHBURG	" 27
COBDEN	" 28
TWEED	" 29, 30
MADOC	" 31
STIRLING	Sept. 1
CAMPBELLFORD	" 2, 3
NORWOOD	" 4
PETERBORO	" 5, 6
OMEMEE	" 7
LINDSAY	" 8
UXBRIDGE	" 9
MARKHAM	" 10

THE WOODSTOCK DIVISION.

GREAT - CAMP - MEETINGS

WILL BE HELD AT:—

GUELPH	Aug. 15 to Aug. 2[illegible]
INGERSOLL	" 29 to Sept. 7

These Meetings will be led by

Brigadier and Mrs. Spooner, D. O. Sharp, Scribe Peard, and a crowd of Officers.

Refreshments on the Grounds. Brass Band at Each Place.

EYES FRONT!!!

SHORT POSTAGE.—We very frequently have to pay considerable sums on letters that have been posted to us with insufficient stamps on.

Will our officers please note this, and see that all their letters have the full value of postage on before despatching.

This is Urgent.

NOTICE.

All Cheques and Post-Office Orders must in the future be made payable to D. M. REES.

BANDSMEN, LOOK OUT!

The Improved Band Lamps have arrived at last.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER. ONE CENT PER COPY, 50 cents per annum. Printed with all S. A. publications, at the S. A. Printing House, 13 Albert St., Toronto.

THE WAR CRY CONTAINS ALL THE LATEST news of the War, with original articles by the General, and addresses and Songs by the Officers and Soldiers. There is no more effectual way to spread Salvation than by increasing the circulation of THE WAR CRY, which is circulated, not merely to sustain and intensify the devotion of The Army, but to rouse all who read it to a more self-sacrificing and energetic attack upon the kingdom of the Wicked One, and the more confident efforts to extend the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Printed, with all S. A. publications, at the S. A. PRINTING HOUSE, 13 Albert Street, Toronto.